

1½d.

Daily Mirror

Money for
Photographs.

See Page 6.

No. 216.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

PRETTY BATHERS AT THE SEASIDE.



The great heat wave of the past few days has driven thousands of people coastwards. Since the warm spell set in the seaside places have been crowded, and the scenes on the beach during the bathing hours are most animated and picturesque.

HEAT WAVE SUICIDES.

Striking Feature of the Sultry Weather.

PLAGUE OF DUST.

MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE YESTERDAY.
Sun. Shade. 124deg. 75deg.

Yesterday's maximum temperatures, in sun and shade, fail to express adequately the alleviation experienced in the weather conditions.

They were recorded at mid-day, just before a pleasant change took place. In the afternoon a cool south-westerly breeze set in, bringing up masses of clouds and rapidly lowering the thermometer to 70deg.

The same conditions may be expected to prevail to-day, with an occasional local thunderstorm. The respite may not last very long, since the barometer in the south of England is again rising, and the probability of another scorching week-end is very great.

A NEW PLAGUE.

Yesterday morning's wind—for it was more than a breeze—brought a new plague upon afflicted Londoners—the plague of dust. It drifted in from the unwatred streets of suburbia in clouds, and pervaded the whole city.

No repetition is desired, and the promised thunderstorms will be welcome if they only put an end to the nuisance for the time being.

Rational clothing becomes more common every day. This week the District Messenger boys have turned out in smart felt wideawakes, while several of the cable companies have replaced the peaked cap with straw hats bearing lettered ribbons.

It is strange, however, that the sun helmets worn by the City police through last summer's gloom and rain have not yet made their reappearance. But the official mind moves slowly, as an incident from the Stepney Coroner's Court proves.

STRANGE CONTRASTS.

There a jurymen was rebuked for taking his seat in his shirt-sleeves. He protested that it was too hot to wear a coat, but found his negative pole in a fellow jurymen who was wearing two coats. One of these he was forced to don.

Another effect of the heat may possibly be traced in the large number of suicides that have taken place, especially in the Midlands.

Three cases are reported from Manchester and district, and at Wigan two men were charged on Monday with attempted suicide. At Radcliffe a well-known resident, after unsuccessfully attempting to cut his throat, hanged himself with a clothes-line.

THE TENDENCY TO INSANITY.

Interviewed on this subject, a leading authority on lunacy yesterday informed a *Mirror* representative that a sudden increase in temperature undoubtedly awakens insane impulses in many who, under normal conditions, have no tendency toward self-destruction.

The list of deaths resulting from heat continues to be a very heavy one. At Newington two inquests were held on heat victims, one being an old man of eighty-two, and the other a tailor named Stephen O'Grady.

At Stepney a verdict of heart failure, accelerated by heat, was returned upon the body of D. Neil, a boatswain, who died upon the Leman-street Railway Station as he was leaving to join his ship.

Among other victims are a Stockport butcher, a Liverpool dock labourer, and a Cardiff compositor. Our correspondents throughout the country report slightly cooler weather everywhere.

WEST COUNTRY THUNDERSTORMS.

At Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse severe electrical disturbances have taken place. The lightning flashes were frequent and surprisingly vivid, accompanied by startling thunderclaps and torrents of rain.

A thunderstorm was threatening Bristol yesterday, and at one time during the day heavy rain fell for the space of five minutes.

Visitors continue to pour into Yarmouth, where the temperature was yesterday 65 deg., with a pleasant breeze.

At Margate 100 deg. was recorded in the sun and 67 deg. in the shade. The influx of visitors continues.

Leeds was yesterday much cooler, the thermometer showing 73 deg., as against 83 deg. on the preceding day.

SHY MAIDENS AT DUNMOW.

Considerable difficulty is being experienced in securing the requisite number of young maidens to form the jury at the "Fitch of Bacon Trials," which take place at Dunmow on August Bank Holiday, although there is no lack of aspirants for the coveted prize.

Following quickly on the withdrawal of the Government *Alien Bill*, Sir Edward Vincent yesterday introduced a private Bill. This provides for the exclusion of aliens who have been convicted of crime in this or any other country.

FORTUNE'S WHIMS.

Wealth Comes to a Poor Dock Porter.

FAREWELL TO HUMBLE FRIENDS.

A week ago Henry Dawson was earning £1 per week as a labourer in a Liverpool oil cake factory. Yesterday he was jubilantly carried off by his long-lost married sister, Mrs. Unzicker, who is taking him to America in the character of a man of wealth.

Dawson, who is a modest, homely-handed, bronze-faced man of about thirty, scarcely had time to realise the sudden change in his fortunes when he found himself strolling the first saloon deck of the Cunard liner *Aurania*, bound for New York. Yesterday, twelve months ago, he was handling the luggage of the autocrats who are now his fellow-passengers, and pushing a truck on that very landing-stage, with a number on his arm and "Landing-stage Porter" inscribed on his official cap.

"Good-bye, Harry, old boy," said an old stage porter, shaking hands with his erstwhile mate and effusively congratulating him on his luck.

Then he added, with ludicrous effect, instinctively saluting the nouveau riche, "I've put yer bags on all right, sir."

Dawson had to shake hands all round before he went aboard.

TWO ORPHANS.

His story is briefly told. When quite young he and his only sister, who lived in Sheffield, became orphans. The sister was adopted by friends, who took her to America, while Dawson shifted for himself.

He got employment on the landing-stage at Liverpool as a licensed porter, but the meagre wage induced him to take employment at the oil works at £1 a week. To use his own words, "he jumped at it."

Meanwhile his sister had married a wholesale wine and spirit merchant. About a year ago an unmarried child in South America, who was a cotton planter, died, leaving his estate, which is reported to be worth more than £20,000, to his only relatives, Dawson and his sister.

The sister spent almost a year searching for her brother, of whom she had lost sight. At last he was found in a slum district of Liverpool. The meeting between brother and sister after twenty-two years' absence was very affecting.

"I can hardly believe it all," Dawson said to a *Mirror* representative yesterday before embarking. "It's come so suddenly. It seems too good to be true."

COPPER KING MARRIED.

Announcement of Secret Wedding Causes a Sensation in America.

American society has just learned with astonishment the fact that Senator William A. Clark, the copper multi-millionaire, reputed to be the richest man in the world and the most eligible widower in the States, has been married for three years past to his ward, the beautiful Miss Chappelle, of Montana, whom he educated in France, and who is highly accomplished. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have a daughter two years old.

Young Clark, who is now sixty-five, started life with no more capital at his command than good health and a fair education; yet to-day he possesses a fortune, beside which those of the Rothschilds, Vanderbilts, and Carnegies appear insignificant.

His little daughter will one day be one of the richest heiresses in the world.

KING'S BUSY WEEK.

The King and Queen have a busy week before them.

Next Tuesday their Majesties travel to Liverpool, where they stay four hours for the services in connection with the new cathedral. Royal carriages and horses will be specially sent down from London, and the Grenadier Guards' band will accompany a choir of 1,000 voices.

They embark at half-past five on board the royal yacht for Swansea.

On Wednesday the King opens the new Swansea docks in the morning, and in the afternoon visits Mr. Graham Vivian. The next day their Majesties travel to Rhayader to inaugurate the Birmingham water works, and after a luncheon and excursion on the lake return to London in the evening.

ROYAL VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Ever since the death of Prince Christian Victor, Princess Christian, who has never quite recovered from the death of her only son, has been anxious to go out to South Africa and visit his grave.

At last this wish is to be gratified, and accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein she will leave England at the end of this month for Pretoria.

TREATY WITH GERMANY.

England Pursues Her Peaceful Mission.

SIGNED YESTERDAY.

An agreement was signed yesterday by the Marquis of Lansdowne and the German Ambassador providing for the settlement by arbitration of differences which may arise of a legal nature, or relating to the interpretation of existing treaties between the two countries.

It is identical in terms with the agreements recently concluded with France, Italy, and Spain.

GERMAN FLEET LEAVES.

Last Day at Plymouth Marked by Good Feeling.

The German fleet was due to leave Plymouth Sound at five o'clock this morning.

Yesterday, after a number of German medical officers had inspected the Royal Naval Hospital, the Mayor of Plymouth entertained a party of two hundred and fifty German and English officers to luncheon.

In the afternoon General and Lady Butler received 400 at a garden party, while English warrant officers took seventy warrant officers of the German fleet for a trip up the River Tamur.

Festivities closed with a dinner given on the two German flagships to a large number of English officers and municipal dignitaries, at which the healths of the King and Kaiser were drunk amid much cheering.

ADMIRAL'S TACTFUL FAREWELL.

In reply to the toast of the health of himself and his officers, Admiral Von Koester spoke of "the exceedingly kind and warm-hearted reception" accorded the fleet, and added:—"I assure you that we are deeply touched, and that we are very sorry, indeed, that our stay—or better to say, our holidays here—are so very short."

GIRLS' ESCAPE.

Two Scotch Lassies Search for a Convent.

Two Glasgow girls have just been brought back from the Continent, which they visited under curious circumstances.

They are Lily Ledder, fifteen, and Agnes McCray, fourteen, both of whose parents are well-to-do, and live at Ibrox, near Glasgow. On the last Wednesday of June, their schools being in vacation, both their mothers went shopping, leaving the maidens in charge of the family baby.

When the mothers got back both girls had disappeared; each had left the baby and keys of houses with neighbours, telling them that they had received important letters by post for their mothers which must be delivered at once. The girls disappeared, and were next heard of at Cardiff, where Ledder went to a friend of her mother's and told her they were going to Hamburg to meet Mrs. Ledder.

They told the same story to two Scotland Yard detectives, who found them on a Hamburg-bound ship, and who were suspicious of them. The detectives learned that the tourists were penniless, and detained them when they landed.

The girls appeared at Govan Police Court yesterday, when the case against Ledder was adjourned until to-day, because her mother said she was beyond control.

The other was admonished. Ledder appropriated some of her mother's clothes and money before she decamped, and it is said that she wanted to enter a convent. Otherwise there was no apparent reason for the journey.

HANDS ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

M. Cambon Opens the New Pier Extension Works at Folkestone.

A million sterling has been spent on the new pier extension at Folkestone, the last stone of which was laid yesterday.

Special trains and steamers brought guests from London and Paris, interested in the improved passenger service which the new harbour works will render possible.

M. Cambon, the French Ambassador in London, who performed the ceremony, said, in reply to an address, that the rapprochement brought about by King Edward, and consecrated by the visit of the French President to England, could only be made durable by the two nations knowing each other better. He was pleased to assist in anything that would render intercourse across the straits more efficacious.

WHEN WILL IT FALL?

100,000 Japanese Ready for the Great Coup.

KUROPATKIN'S DANGER.

When will the final attack on Port Arthur take place?

The overtune in the great drama has been in progress for some days past. Fighting has been going on day and night around the doomed fortress, and now it seems reasonable to suppose that the grand struggle cannot be long delayed. It is generally considered that it will take place early next week.

Everywhere the Russians are retiring before the relentless march of the Japanese, advancing from the south, and at any moment news may arrive of the isolation and cutting off of an important body of General Kuropatkin's forces by the Japanese armies operating from the east.

HOW RUSSIANS RETIRE.

Their Passage Indicated by Burning Buildings.

Details of the fighting before Kaiping are given in the following message:—

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.

A Russian correspondent says: "There was a running fight from Kaichuan to about mid-way between that place and Ta-shih-chao. We evacuated Kaiping on the 9th, after a fight lasting throughout the 8th. The fighting along the road was lively, but our losses were small."

"The 8th was a brilliant morning. The Japanese infantry began to advance from the cities, where they lay concealed, taking cover among the thick-growing trees and gardens south of the river."

"We had a squadron of cavalry and a battalion of infantry across the river. They engaged the enemy fiercely, and finally drove them back."

"Both sides held their positions through the night, during which the Japanese reserves were hurrying up and concentrating for the morning's attack. It was clear, however, that we had held out as long as was advisable, in face of the growing numbers of the enemy, and we quietly prepared to evacuate the town."

"The Japanese advance began at dawn. They must have been surprised to find themselves opposed, and greeted only by the smoke of the warehouses we had set on fire before retiring."—Reuter's Special Service.

JAPS NEARING NEWCHWANG.

From Newchwang it is reported that the Russians are everywhere retiring before the Japanese, who are soon expected there.

Another Reuter message says that a Japanese vanguard has reached Yingkow, the port of Newchwang.

General Kuropatkin is said to be near Newchwang, but his special train is constantly under steam to enable him to rapidly visit his detachments.

Two terrific explosions occurred at Port Arthur on Monday.

A St. Petersburg dispatch states that the Japanese are fortifying the heights at Port Arthur, their forces now numbering about 100,000.

A Russian newspaper correspondent at Mukden is responsible for a story that the Japanese have lost 30,000 men (!) by mine explosions in a land attack on Port Arthur.

DRINK FOR DRINK'S SAKE.

During yesterday's discussion of the Licensing Bill in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Grey brought forward an amendment embodying chiefly the views of those temperance reformers who advocate the trust system.

This desire was to put an end to the inducement to push the sale of intoxicants, and that the profits for the sale of drink should be devoted to the provision of some counter-attraction such as a public hall, to which people could resort for social entertainment.

Mr. Balfour was sympathetic, but not able to adopt the amendment. He recalled the late Lord Salisbury's remark that for a village a circus would be preferable to a parish council. As for drink being pressed upon customers, he thought the charge was exaggerated. People drank because they wanted to drink.

Ultimately Sir Edward Grey withdrew his amendment.

SEVEN YEAR LICENCES.

The Government carried at the evening sitting, in face of the hostility of the brewers, an important series of provisions as to new licences.

A new licence may be granted for seven years, and at the end of that period a fresh application shall be treated as for a new licence and not for renewal. The magistrates will thus be able to enforce fresh conditions and a higher charge for the monopoly.

A MAN'S DOUBLE.

Arrest Which May Prove a Prisoner's Innocence.

MELODRAMA OF REAL LIFE.

A development like the denouement of an Adelphi melodrama was yesterday reached in what has been widely known as the Beck case.

Adolph Beck now awaits sentence on a charge of heartless frauds on servant girls.

All along he has vigorously protested his innocence, and claims that he has suffered a term of penal servitude for crimes committed by a man with the far from distinctive name of John Smith.

John Smith is Beck's double, and one of the charges brought against Beck is that as John Smith he was convicted in 1877. This conviction Beck's friends strenuously deny, and aver the man now under lock and key was in Peru at the time.

There are people living who knew both men—John Smith and Beck—and they say Smith and Beck are not a bit like each other.

When Beck was first convicted in 1895, an alleged neck scar turned the evidence against him. Two women witnesses told the Court that Beck had a big neck scar extending below the ear. The Judge ordered the warder who stood in the dock at Beck's side to look at Beck's neck.

"It looks like a scar," said the warder. Beck submits that against Beck is that as John Smith he was under the circumstances improperly convicted.

To-day, Beck's position is unique. On the order of the Judge a fuller investigation has been ordered, and the defence has breathing time to produce evidence that Beck is not John Smith, alias Captain Wies, who was sentenced in 1877.

Dramatic Incident.

Judgment is fixed for July 15. The limit has almost arrived. Now, at the eleventh hour, a bolt from the blue, comes a circumstance hardly paralleled in criminal annals. The police have under lock and key at Bow-street a man who is alleged to have been perpetrating frauds on unsuspecting females, similar to those with which Beck has been charged.

He is said to have robbed women of rings and jewellery under specious promises, and the case is considered to have so important a bearing upon Beck's protestation of innocence that the Criminal Investigation Department has placed it in the hands of one of their smartest men.

The story of how the arrest came about is dramatic. Two young ladies in a certain London square made the acquaintance of a tall, military-looking man. He was anxious to provide them with clothes and jewellery, and borrowed a couple of rings "to get the size."

The landlady of the house, who had read about the Beck case, was suspicious, and followed him, tracing him to a pawnbroker's shop. Information was given to the police, and he was arrested.

The case came up at Bow-street yesterday, and further important developments are expected at the next hearing.

BISLEY MEETING.

Palma Trophy Controversy Closed—A New Match.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

BISLEY CAMP, Tuesday. In beautifully fine weather two match rifle contests were decided to-day in the teeth of half a gale of wind blowing across the ranges.

The "Bass" was won by Colonel Balfour with 133. Mr. Whitehead second (131), and Mr. Davis third (131). For the "Edge," Major Sandeman gained first prize with 133. Lieut.-Colonel Gibbs, of Gloucester, being second (128).

The council assembled to-day, in special meeting, to discuss the Palma Trophy controversy. The American team, in handing back the trophy, wrote that this course was adopted in the interests of international shooting.

The council accepted this letter as a generous admission that the rifles of the American team did not conform with the conditions of the match. The council declined, however, to accept the trophy as the accredited holders for 1903, but would act as custodians pending arrangements being made for a new match.

YOUNG THIEF'S MENTOR.

A man named Williams, against whom there were about twenty convictions, was committed at Southwark for trial at the Sessions on a charge of being concerned with a boy named Chapman in boot-stealing. It appeared that the man had deceived the boy from a respectable home to train him as a thief, and incited him to snatch boots from shops and stalls.

DOG UPSETS ROYAL DUCHESS.

While walking in the grounds of Claremont Park a large sheep dog from the farm jumped up at the Duchess of Albany, knocking her down.

It was found she had seriously sprained her knee, and had to be taken back to the house in a bath-chair. She is now confined to her bed.

MOTURING OVER SPIKES.

Breathless Races with Loose and Punctured Tyres.

To prove that sudden punctures to tyres need not mean dangerous accidents to motorists, Mr. S. F. Edge made some interesting experiments in the grounds of the Crystal Palace yesterday.

Mr. Edge did not deny that fatalities had occurred through accidents of this character, but he held it was due to inexperience on the part of the drivers.

Tyres were to be punctured yesterday by means of a formidable array of tin-openers, long nails, and hungry-looking steel spikes. But the tyres wouldn't puncture.

It took a Napier tourist-car six journeys over the ghastly array of spikes and edged glass before the tyres were pierced.

Then Mr. Edge started. He took his Gordon-Bennett racer over the puncture-makers at 50 miles an hour. He punctured first time. He was not satisfied, he went over the obstacles again. He punctured again.

He then raced up and down the course, trying to throw off his back tyre. He swerved in all directions, but could not persuade that tyre to spin off.

Fifty Miles An Hour.

At last there is an idea. The rim was cut-down came Edge at fifty miles an hour. He steered a zigzag course. The car shivered with it.

Three-quarters of the way down the outer cover left the back wheel on the inside of the course.

Travelling twice as fast as the car it buzzed about, an assistant, broke into fragments five yards of fairy lamps destined for the evening's illuminations, jumped the wire barrier, and knocked over an onlooker.

Meanwhile Mr. Edge, with a smile of victory on his face, had stopped the car. He said he did not feel the deflated tyre much.

He had proved, he thought, that punctured tyres or a tyre coming off caused no trouble to an experienced driver.

CAR V. CARRIAGE.

Oswestry Liberals Favour Motors, While Conservatives Use Traps.

The writ for Oswestry was issued yesterday, and polling will probably take place on the 22nd.

The local reactionaries indignantly deny that they are divided on the election. The secretary said all would vote unanimously for Mr. Bridgman, the Conservative candidate. The Liberals, on the other hand, state that the Licensing Bill has lost the Conservatives over a hundred votes.

There is a prospect of breezy scenes and free fights this afternoon in the corn market at Oswestry, where the free loaders are going to address the crowd and challenge arguments.

So far the Liberals are ahead of the Tories in hustling and billing the constituency with posters on behalf of their candidate, Mr. Bright. They have brought more motor-cars into their service, while Mr. Bridgman sticks to traps and carriages. The Liberals have had some accidents with their cars, but they claim that they gain in time, besides astounding the natives.

JUDGMENT OF CHIMAY.

Italians Are the Handsomest and the Most Charming Husbands.

There can no longer be any doubt which nation carries off the palm for masculine beauty.

Ex-Princess Chimay has settled the question once and for all with a voice of authority that must subdue murmurs of protest from disappointed dandies.

She yesterday informed a reporter:—"The handsomest men are undoubtedly the Italians. They are also the most charming."

But highly flattering information, that "the London women are much prettier and more chic than our dear Paris ladies are now."

She mentioned this with sorrow, tempered perhaps by the thought that when her Paris apartment lease runs out she is going to live in Como on an Italian lake with her "dear" Italian husband.

CHOIR-BOYS ON STRIKE.

The choir-boys of the parish church of Shephed, in Leicestershire, have gone on strike.

They complain that when the adult choristers were taken for a day's outing to Blackpool they were left at home.

Resenting such treatment they have for the last two Sundays absented themselves from the services, and substitutes are being trained.

Margaret Evans was at Caerphilly, Glamorgan, yesterday committed for trial on a charge of having murdered her granddaughter by putting her on the fire.

ROMANTIC WEDDING.

Liberal Whip Marries Lady He Nursed as a Child.

Lady Marjorie Gordon, only daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, was married yesterday to Captain Sinclair, one of the Liberal Whips, at the Church of St. Mary Abbot, Kensington.

Interesting as the wedding was from a political and social standpoint, it had an air of real romance about it.

The bridegroom is twenty years older than his bride, whom he nursed as a baby. He is the eldest son of the late Captain George Sinclair, and has been member for Forfarshire since 1897.

He was A.D.C. to Lord Aberdeen while the latter was Governor-General of Canada, and has been the companion of Lady Marjorie all her life.

The bride was led to the altar by her father. She never looked better than in her bridal robes of white glittering with silver, with a lovely diamond necklace round her throat and a wreath of orange blossoms in her dark hair.

The bridesmaids, who numbered eleven, wore dresses exact copies of those worn by the late Queen Victoria's bridesmaids, but they wore knots of pink malina, and carried bouquets of broom and ivy—the badges of the Sinclair and Gordon families—tied with tartan ribbon.

The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, assisted by the Bishop of Peterborough, and Mr. David Erskine was best man.

The reception was held at Brook House in Park-lane, and the happy couple have gone to Gwydy Castle for their honeymoon.

BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR.

New Woman Playwright Makes a Name in One Afternoon.

It was very hot at the Duke of York's Theatre. Yet the audience were anything but limp and unappreciative. They laughed and cried and cheered, and it was generally agreed that "The Plaisance's Wife" was the best new play produced in London all this year.

It has not a complicated plot—simply the story of a husband who sinned and suffered, and a wife who was tempted yet did not fall. But it is told with so much dramatic skill and so much knowledge of human nature, and it must be added, so much humour, that "George Paston" (Miss E. M. Symonds) really seems to be the new dramatist we have been looking for so long.

The acting was excellent, as it generally is when an author draws real people and not puppets. Miss Darragh made a tremendous hit as a foolish fascinating, consumptive little sinner of a woman. Miss Madge Mackintosh was intelligent and sympathetic, as usual. Miss Hilda Rivers showed quite an unexpected talent for saying sharp things, while Aubrey Smith and Graham Browne actually seemed less like actors than men.

And the cast included also two of the most natural children that have ever been seen on the stage. Altogether a most successful afternoon.

DIED TO SAVE A BROTHER.

Heroic Lad Sacrifices His Life on the Railway.

A touching story of heroism is reported from Huddersfield.

A sixteen-year-old lad named Alec Fraser was yesterday with his parents and others hay-making in a field near Brockscholes Station, on the Huddersfield and Holmfirth line, when he saw that his younger brother James was in front of an express.

Alec rushed to save his brother, and reached him just in time to throw him clear of the engine, but was himself caught and cut to pieces.

The tragic event has awakened much sympathy.

TO PURIFY REGISTRY OFFICES.

Without a dissentient voice the London County Council yesterday decided to take steps for promoting legislation in Parliament next session to enable the council to licence and to make by-laws for the regulation and conduct of employment agencies.

In a report by the Public Control Committee they commented on the evils of employment agencies. In many cases, they said, the offer of employment was a mere pretence, and the real object was the lucrative one of procuring young girls for evil purposes, while in other cases the girls who fell into the hands of the agents were robbed by them. Few such cases become known to the public owing to the fear of shame and other causes.

KILLED BY SAD NEWS.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

The death is announced of Bishop Huntington, of New York. His son George, Professor of Hebrew at Dartmouth College, died shortly after hearing of his father's death.—Laffan.

CHARGERS STAMPEDE

A Day of Terror Near Aldershot.

NARROW ESCAPES.

Terror reigned yesterday over the countryside near Aldershot.

One might almost have imagined oneself on a South American pampas, with a herd of wild horses flying in terror from a prairie fire. The excitement was due to the stampede of two hundred chargers of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, which in the early hours of the morning broke loose in wild, mad panic and careered terror-stricken along the lonely country roads.

Sir John French had exercised the regiment in a night attack, and after taking an eminence the men were ordered to bivouac on the ground. The horses were tethered in the usual way, but, greatly excited after the manoeuvres and affected by the hot weather, they were extremely restive.

The approach of some outposts startled one or two, and the terror quickly spread. In an instant they all commenced straining and plunging at the head-ropes, and a scene of the wildest confusion occurred.

Runaway Two Hundred.

The men tried to calm their chargers, but in the dark could do little amid the fierce mêlée of lashing hoofs and gleaming teeth. Three of the horses were killed on the ground in the struggle among the wreckage of ropes and posts, and 200 broke away and escaped into the country.

Some galloped for miles on the high road, their iron-shod hoofs ringing loudly in the silent night. Fortunately pedestrians were few in number, and escaped by seeking refuge in the hedgerows.

A lady and gentleman with a motor cycle and trailer had a narrow escape. They were travelling to London when they were charged by a wild mob of terrified horses. Escape seemed impossible, but bringing the motor to a sudden stop they flung themselves into the wayside ditch only just in time to avoid certain death.

The motor and trailer were thrown down and trampled to pieces in the collision. Two horses fell, but regained their feet and dashed after the others in the darkness, leaving a mere wreck behind them.

Damage to Gardens.

Some of the horses charged into some cottage gardens, smashing the fences, trampling down flowers, and greatly alarming the inhabitants.

Others jumped the fences to join stock in the fields, and did considerable damage by stampeding valuable animals.

By nightfall yesterday all but two had been captured by strong mounted detachments, which scoured the country in every direction. One, it is reported, was found down a farmhouse well with only its head and fore feet above the surface. The rotten wooden covering had given way under its weight. Another was badly cut, having trampled upon the cucumber frames in a kitchen garden.

It is stated that an inquiry will be held into the carelessness among the officers which made such an occurrence possible.

RIVERSIDE TRAGEDY.

Magistrates Dismiss Charge of Man-slaughter Against Captain Winter.

Captain Winter, the Royal Field Artillery officer who had the misfortune to kill a boy named Sidney Oakens on the banks of the Ouse last Saturday, was yesterday discharged by the Bedford county magistrates, before whom he was charged with manslaughter.

Long before the hearing yesterday a large crowd had assembled outside the Shire Hall, and when the doors opened the court was immediately filled by ladies, military students, and the general public.

Captain Winter was allowed to be seated at the solicitor's table. He is of short stature, has a fair complexion and sharp features, and is about thirty years of age.

In his opening remarks the prosecuting solicitor said there was a certain amount of hooliganism going on among boys towards boating parties on the Ouse.

George Holmes, one of Oakens' playmates, then repeated the story he told at the inquest. He described how Oakens rowed away with Captain Winter's boat to the opposite side of the river, and how, he witness, returned it.

Captain Winter found Oakens' boots and refused to give them up. Then Oakens threw hard mud at the Captain, who pulled his boat into the bank, and swinging his scull round caught Oakens at the back of the head.

Country cousins who come to town, says "Motoring Illustrated," to see the King and Queen and the notables of London are complaining that their Majesties and the mighty are disguised in goggles and masks.

STRUGGLE WITH A MAD SON.

Mother's Futile Attempt to Prevent His Suicide.

INSANE THROUGH HEAT.

The terrible, but ineffectual struggle of a mother who tried to prevent her son from committing suicide was described at Stoke Newington yesterday, when an inquest was held on Ernest Kimm, a young lance-corporal in the 4th (Volunteer) Battalion Royal Fusiliers, who shot himself with his rifle, after attempting to cut his throat.

Kimm had been out of work, but had a good home. On Sunday morning his mother, alarmed by his behaviour, hid his rifle behind the door in the yard of their house at Hawkeley-road, Stoke Newington. The son, however, demanded it, and his mother, after vainly trying to persuade him to go upstairs, rushed to the door, seized the rifle, and held it over the garden fence in the hope that a neighbour would find it away.

But before anyone came to her help she was thrown down by her son, who got possession of the rifle. Another woman in the house came running to help, but as she appeared Kimm smiled at her and then discharged the rifle, blowing off the top of his head.

Mrs. Kimm attributed her son's madness to the heat and depression at being out of work. Another witness had heard him say, "I am in great trouble. It is all through that girl." It was known that he was courting a young woman.

A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned. It was shown that the cartridge used was not one of those served out to the Volunteers.

DEAF TO A WIFE'S ENTREATIES.

Beautiful Hungarian's Divorce from an English Officer.

"She begged him not to go away, and her father begged him not to go away. But he said he would not stay with her, and went."

These were the words with which Mr. Bargarve Deane, K.C., in the Divorce Court yesterday shortly described the scene when Mr. Howard Brown parted from his beautiful Hungarian wife in 1893. He had married her three years before when she was Fraulein Otalie von Schansberger de Tonia, and events had led up to a final quarrel. The fair Hungarian made complaints about the Englishman's conduct, and the Englishman said he would go.

Before his marriage at Buda-Pesth he had been an officer in the British Army, and he once more went away in search of active service. This he found in South Africa, where he afterwards fought against the Boers in the late war.

Whenever he came to England—he was invalided after the war—he deserted Hungarian wife came over from the Continent to attempt to induce him to return to her. Alas! she was always unsuccessful.

Ultimately, indeed, he was induced to visit Hungary, but it was for the purpose of being served with divorce papers, an operation which, by the local law, had to be done on the spot.

Mrs. Howard Brown did not succeed in obtaining her Hungarian divorce, for the Hungarian Courts held that her husband was a domiciled Englishman, and that was why, with marks of prolonged sorrow on her lovely face, she appeared yesterday in the Divorce Court witness-box as a petitioner.

Sir Francis Jeune pronounced a decree nisi.

TAKEN AT THE CONQUEST.

The interesting history of the Manor of Brightlingsea was recalled by the Master of the Rolls yesterday, in giving judgment in an appeal by Mr. Pulleyne, the lord of the manor, against a decision of the Lord Chief Justice—as regards fishing rights in Arlesford and other creeks on the river Colne.

It is believed the manor existed in Saxon times, and at the time of the Norman Conquest was taken from Harold by William the Conqueror. An entry in Domesday-book shows it was granted to William's chief butler. Queen Elizabeth granted it to one of her courtiers, from whom, through a series of devolutions, it came into the possession of Mr. Pulleyne.

The hearing of the appeal, which has lasted nine days, ended in a partial reversion of the Lord Chief Justice's decision.

COMMITTAL IN SLATER CASE.

All six defendants in the conspiracy charge arising out of the Pollard divorce suit were committed for trial yesterday by Sir Albert de Rutzen, the Bow-street magistrate. He said he had given the case the closest possible consideration, and had come to the conclusion it ought to go before a jury.

On the application of their respective counsel he reduced the bail in the case of Osborn and Slater from two sureties in £3,000 each to two in £500.

There was no improvement yesterday in the condition of Mr. James Gwether, M.P., who is suffering from an affection of the muscles.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S OWN DEFENCE.

Faced with the Death Penalty, She Declared Her Innocence in a Clear, Convincing Statement.

The following is but one of the hundred letters which reached the *Mirror* office yesterday dealing with the Maybrick case.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

It is unfortunate that an accurate report of the trial of Mrs. Maybrick has never been published, for if once read by many of the well-meaning, ignorant persons who are now writing letters to the papers, they might, perhaps, not have so much sympathy for that unfortunate woman.

Most of your correspondents seem to be unaware that Mrs. Maybrick made a statement in her own defence at the end of the trial, and a more lame and inconclusive reply to the charge brought against her could hardly be conceived.

She admitted that she had purchased flypapers, and that she had in her possession quantities of arsenic, some of which she gave to her husband—but at his request.

I do not think anyone has yet suggested that Mr. Maybrick committed suicide. Yet that is surely the only explanation of his wife's defence.

W. J. Y.

Temple.

This letter is remarkable for the entirely wrong construction placed unintentionally, no doubt, on the several phases of a statement made by Mrs. Maybrick, which even at the time of the trial was regarded as one of the strong features of her defence.

Arsenic was found in a bottle of meat juice; it had been placed there by Mrs. Maybrick under, as she alleged, the circumstances detailed in her statement, but the fact remains that none of the meat juice was ever given to Mr. Maybrick. There is also the further fact that not one of the doctors called for the prosecution would swear positively that James Maybrick died from arsenical poisoning. To make clear to readers of the *Mirror* how unjustifiable are the assumptions of the writer of the above letter, we print in full the statement made by Mrs. Maybrick at her trial.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S DEFENCE.

At the close of the evidence for the defence Mrs. Maybrick took a glass of water, clutched the rail of the dock, and, in a voice broken with emotion, addressed the Judge and jury as follows:

"My Lord, I wish to make a statement, as well as I can, about a few facts in connection with the dreadful and crushing charge that has been made against me—the charge of poisoning my husband and father of my dear children."

Here Mrs. Maybrick paused for a few moments to recover her composure.

"I wish principally to refer to the flypaper solution. The flypapers I bought with the intention of using the solution as a cosmetic."

THE FACE WASH.

"Before my marriage, and since for many years, I have been in the habit of using this wash for the face, prescribed for me by Dr. Graves, of Brooklyn. It consisted, I believe principally of arsenic, of tincture of benzoin, and elder flower water, and some other ingredients."

"This prescription I lost or mislaid last April, and as at the time I was suffering from an eruption on the face, I thought I should like to try and make a substitute for myself. I was anxious to get rid of this eruption before I went to a ball on the 30th of that month."

"When I had been in Germany, among my young friends there, I had seen used a solution derived from flypapers soaked in elder flower water, and then applied to the face with a handkerchief well soaked in the solution."

"I procured the flypapers, and used them in the same manner, and to avoid evaporation I put the

papers into a wash basin so as to avoid as much as possible the admission of the air.

"For this purpose I put a plate over the flypapers, then a folded towel over that, and then another towel over that. My mother has been aware for a great many years that I have used arsenic in solution."

"I now wish to speak of his illness. On Thursday night, May 9, after Nurse Gore had given my husband medicine, I went and sat on the bed beside him. He complained to me of feeling very sick, very weak, so ill, very restless."

"He implored me then again to give him the powder which he had referred to earlier in the evening, and which I declined to give him. I was over-wrought, terribly anxious, miserably unhappy, and his evident distress utterly unnerved me."

"As he told me the powder would not harm him, and that I could put it in his food, I then consented. My lord, I had not one true or honest friend in the house. I had no one to consult, no one to advise me."

"I was deposed from my own position as mistress of my own house, and from the position of attending on my husband, and notwithstanding that he was so ill, and notwithstanding the evidence of the nurses and the servants, I may say that he missed me whenever I was not with him; whenever I was out of the room he asked for me, and four days before he died I was not allowed to give him a piece of ice without its being taken out of my hand."

At this point the prisoner wept bitterly, then drying her tears she continued:

"I took the meat juice into the inner room. On going through the door I spilled some of the liquid from the bottle, and in order to make up the quantity spilled I put in a considerable quantity of water. On returning into the room I found my husband asleep. I placed the bottle on the table near the window."

PLACED ON THE WASH-STAND.

"As he did not ask for anything then, and as I was not anxious to give him anything, I removed it from the small table, where it attracted his attention, and put it on the washstand, where he could not see it. There I left it, my lord, until I believe Mr. Michael Maybrick took possession of it."

"Until Tuesday, May 14, the Tuesday after my husband's death, until a few moments before Mr. Brynning made the terrible charge against me, no one in that house had informed me of the fact that a death certificate had been refused—but, of course, the post-mortem examination had taken place—and that there was any reason to suppose that my husband had died from other than natural causes."

"It was only when Mrs. Briggs alluded to the presence of arsenic in the meat-juice that I was made aware of the nature of the powder my husband had been taking. I then attempted to make an explanation to Mrs. Briggs such as I am now making to your Lordship, when a policeman interrupted the conversation."

"In conclusion, I only wish to say that for the love of our children, and for the sake of their future, a perfect reconciliation had taken place between us, and on the day before his death I made a full and free confession of the terrible wrong I had done to him."

"I AM NOT GUILTY."

At a later stage of the trial, when the jury had returned a verdict of guilty, the Clerk of Arraigns asked Mrs. Maybrick if she had anything to say why the Court should not pronounce sentence upon her.

With the certainty of the death penalty before her, Mrs. Maybrick, in a low voice, replied:—"Although I have been found guilty, with the exception of my intimacy with Mr. Brierley, I am not guilty of this crime."

Points of interest raised in many of the letters received by us in connection with the Maybrick case will be dealt with to-morrow.

STRANGE BIGAMY CONFESSION.

A remarkable confession of bigamy has been made by a Fulham laundress named Elizabeth Sarah Rowe, forty years of age, who voluntarily surrendered herself to the police.

She stated to a sergeant at Waltham Green Police Station that in February, 1898, she was married to Colonel Henry James Prager, of Munster Lodge, Fulham, her husband then being alive.

The ceremony took place at the registry office, Fulham Palace-road, and afterwards, she alleged, Colonel Prager divorced her by bribing her with £500 to say that she had committed misconduct with a costermonger named Hall.

On this confession, Rowe, who is a tall, good-looking woman, was charged at West London Police Court yesterday and remanded. A detective told the magistrate the prisoner had lived an immoral life since she was twenty years of age.

Before leaving the dock the prisoner exclaimed, "The reason I gave myself up was that I was very unhappy, as I had taken Hall's good name away."

UMBRELLA MORALITY.

A personal friendship extending over twenty years has ended in a County Court action, owing to Mr. Charles Lockyer, an insurance agent, having borrowed an umbrella from Mr. Alfred Hyslop, a house furnisher.

The wind split the silk covering, and Mr. Hyslop, so his friend stated, refused to take the umbrella back. Mr. Lockyer was ordered at Lambeth County Court yesterday to restore the umbrella properly repaired, and to pay the costs of the action.

"Nothing leads to so much friction between friends," Judge Emden remarked, "as the loss of umbrellas, and, in a minor degree, the loss of books, which have been lent."

Hilda Sapsford, three and a half, while leaning over a table at Croydon, pulled over a paraffin lamp which exploded up above her. She died from burns and shock in a few hours.

BLOUSE LORE.

Fair Respondent Describes the Proper Wear for the Hours.

TEA AT A STUDIO.

Very sweet and innocent-looking, and charmingly dressed in a cool summery costume, Mrs. Eileen Palgrave, the heroine of the "Love-cooled-by-snores" divorce case—and the mighty dress-maker's bill case—appeared in the witness-box of Mr. Justice Barnes's Court yesterday to deny the allegations of being too intimate with a Swiss art metal-work expert named Lutiger, which her husband had made against her.

With piquant candour she told the Court how she had been introduced to this young man.



Mr. Lutiger, co-respondent in the Palgrave divorce case.—(Sketched by a "Mirror" artist.)

"I was riding with my brother past the studio on a tandem bicycle," she said, "and my brother said, 'Let's go up and see Luty.'"

Lessons in Repousse Work.

After this introduction Mrs. Palgrave took afternoon tea in the studio, and Mr. Lutiger was invited to visit the flat where Mrs. Palgrave's mother lived. And after that it was decided that Mrs. Palgrave should take lessons in repousse work from Mr. Lutiger—a decision which led to Mr. Palgrave coming to the conclusion that his wife had been unfaithful to him.

"I always walked home by myself at night when I was acting at the Haymarket Theatre before I was married," said Mrs. Palgrave when asked by counsel about her late hours away from home.

Before she went into the witness-box, an exhibitor had said that he had shown Mr. Lutiger up to her bedroom.

"He only came to the door," explained Mrs. Palgrave, "to tell me about some tickets for a subscription dance."

"Were you engaged to a naval officer before you married Mr. Palgrave?" asked Mr. Deane. Mrs. Palgrave (blushing): There was an understanding.

Then Mr. Deane turned to the subject of snores, and was told by the fair witness that before the wedding an arrangement was made by which she and her husband were to have separate rooms.

A Costly Blouse.

"How was it that you ran up a bill of £56 in six weeks?" Mr. Deane then inquired, after remarking that one of Mrs. Palgrave's blouses cost £3 12s. and a skirt £3 18s. 6d.

Everybody listened intently, eager not to miss a word of what the famous blouse connoisseur would say in reply.

Mrs. Palgrave: Well, you see, one wears a woollen blouse in the morning, a silk blouse in the afternoon, and a crêpe de Chine blouse in the evening.

And after Mr. Deane had remarked, "All on a £60 a year drags allowance!" the case was again adjourned.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/4 per bottle.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

THE CITY.

Tons of stone suddenly fell on two miners in a colliery near Bishop Auckland yesterday, and both were instantaneously killed.

Through a lad of eleven winding up the sluices James Brentnall, who was swimming in a lock near Long Eaton, was sucked down and drowned.

Mr. G. W. Palmer, M.P., has resumed his Parliamentary duties after an absence of about six months, during which he has made a tour round the world.

For a fine emerald, surrounded by brilliants, which was the property of an Indian prince, £4,100 was paid at Messrs. Phillips's auction rooms yesterday.

"OH! MY BABY."

While sitting by a canal in Staffordshire a man noticed Mrs. Annie Johnson, of Longton, pass with a nine-months-old child in her arms.

Later he saw her struggling in the water. He rescued her, and despite her exhausted condition, she exclaimed, "Oh, my baby! Oh, my baby!" Another man dived into the water and brought out the child, which was, however, dead.

A ROGUE AND A DETECTIVE.

"Twelve months' hard labour, and twelve strokes with the birch-rod or the cat."

This was the sentence passed upon George Clark, stoker, at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday. He had approached men and had asked them to commit serious crimes.

His arrest was due to the fact that he approached Detective-Sergeant Berrett, of the "A" Division.

FATAL FOOLISHNESS.

At Westminster yesterday Accidental Death was the verdict on Joseph Century, a labourer on the Piccadilly and Brompton Railway, who fell 110ft. from a cage (in which he had no right to ride) at Cranbourne-street shaft, breaking his skull into forty pieces.

The coroner said the case illustrated the great difficulty of protecting workmen from themselves. Deceased had acted very foolishly.

KING EDWARD'S NEW ROLES.

The Duke of Cambridge has left a complete diary, which will be published shortly. The Duke's outspokenness was proverbial, and his memoirs will be unvarnished as well as interesting.

His Majesty the King has personally undertaken their complete revision, and as soon as this is finished the diary is to be rushed through the press. In addition to that acting as editor, his Majesty has lately made a useful improvement in the design of a motor-car. His new car will, by his orders, be fitted with revolving seats in front, so that riders can turn round to face the rear of the car.

"LADY HELPED THE JUDGE."

A nurse brought an action against a Highgate dressmaker to recover the price of a costume which did not fit. Plaintiff said the costume was in court, and his Honour would see that the coat fitted very badly.

Judge Edge: "But I am a mere man, and so ignorant of ladies' dresses that I don't know whether I could judge of it. I will follow the example of one of my colleagues and ask if there is any lady in court who will help me?"

Seeing a lady in court who, he said, looked like a judge of costume, the Judge asked her to assist him. The plaintiff retired and put the dress on and the lady pointed out its defects to his Honour, who promptly gave judgment for the plaintiff.

GALLANT RESCUES AT BRIGHTON.

A six-year-old child, paddling on the Brighton beach, was carried away by the waves, and a girl, pluckily going in after him, was also taken out of her depth.

Sergeant Gaisford, of the South Wales Borderers, plunged in after the pair and succeeded in rescuing them, but while he was doing so the mother of the child was in, got out of her depth, and had to be rescued by another man.

Artificial respiration restored the woman and children, and they were eventually sent home little the worse for their adventure.

ATTRACTIVE ADVERTISERS.

It is seldom that two such apparently attractive persons as those mentioned below are driven to advertise for employment:—

LOVELY WIDOW, gentlewoman of position (income temporarily reduced through extra expenses on property), would accompany delicate lady to country or abroad for few months; Excellent Amateur Nurse, Reader, Amateurs; Abstemious; Honourable, Amiable, Bright, Youthful, Healthy; references, friends of position; expenses only; interview London.

DISTINGUISHED Catholic Clergyman, speaks and writes six languages, gentle manners, kind to invalids, social Situation as Chaplain, Tutor, Private Secretary, or Travelling Companion; salary optional.

For such a talented widow to be able to describe herself as lonely is surely surprising, and the distinguished clergyman who wants no salary is equally rare. Both the advertisements appeared in London contemporaries.

Edward Brown, fishing for conger near Plymouth, hooked and brought to the surface a rifle, apparently of foreign manufacture.

John Sullivan, a seaman, convicted of the murder of a boy on the high seas, was hanged at Pentonville Gaol yesterday morning.

Fires, illness, injuries received in a railway accident, paralysis, and bad debts were the reasons a Pendlebury contractor gave for his bankruptcy.

"I have been hard up for some time, but that is universal in the piano trade," said Charles Warne, whose examination in bankruptcy was concluded yesterday.

Yesterday the Wimbledon police took from the River Wand the dead body of a well-dressed man, who has since been identified as Richard Barnett, a tradesman of Earlsfield.

At Christie's an oval miniature portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, inscribed in gold, by Nicholas Hilliard, dated 1531, was sold for 820 guineas yesterday.

VISCOUNT'S SMALL FORTUNE.

The estate of General Viscount Bridport, G.C.B., Duke of Brontë, Groom and Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and Hon. Equerry to King Edward VII., who died on June 4, has been sworn at £23,694, 19s. 9d., and the net personality at £2,694, 0s. 6d.

LORD ROSEBERY'S TWO PLEASURES.

"There are two supreme pleasures in a man's life," says Lord Rosebery. "One is ideal; the other is real. The ideal joy is when a man receives the seals of office at the hands of his Sovereign; the real pleasure comes when he carries them back."

This interesting statement was made to Mr. Lucy, who publishes it in this month's "London Magazine."

THREE KNIFE AT SISTER.

At Huddersfield Fred Hawkyard, thirteen, was charged with robbing his grandmother. The father stated that he had thrashed the lad till he was tired of doing so. Frederick had thrown a carving-knife at his sister five times.

The lad was ordered to have six strokes with the birch-rod.

PREFERRED DEATH TO POVERTY.

Emma Packer was found drowned in Duckett's Canal. She got her living as a waistcoat-maker. A relative suggested that she should go into the workhouse, but she would not.

On the bank of the canal, close by her hat, on which was a brass wedding ring, was the following letter:—

Dear S. J.—I could not go to the workhouse as you suggested, so have done this. I have had enough of poverty, so good-bye all!—EMMA.

The verdict was Suicide whilst temporarily insane.

TURNED OUT BY BOTH HIS WIVES.

When Thomas Sidebottom was at Stockport committed for trial on a charge of bigamy it was alleged that he had married a young woman named Martha Ratcliffe in 1876, but left her some years later.

Bathsheba Lees stated that in 1891 she made the acquaintance of the prisoner, who said he was a married man, but as his wife had married again he thought he had as much right to be married as she had. They were married and had five children. He left her about two years ago.

Prisoner declared that he did not desert either of the women: they turned him out.

WITHIN TWO FEET OF DEATH.

Edward Moore was crossing a footbridge on the South-Western Railway at Richmond, when he fell on the down line, a distance of from fifteen to twenty feet. The 9.35 train from Waterloo to Windsor was due, and had the helpless man been two feet nearer the line, he must have been cut to pieces.

A woman who was passing gave the alarm, and a constable removed the man just in time to save him being run over by another train.

CYSTS ON THE HEART.

George Lucas, the landlord of the Smiths' Arms, Southwark, dropped dead in his bar.

At the inquest yesterday Dr. Spow stated that deceased's heart was enormously large. In it he found nine cysts, having the appearance of jelly-fish, the smallest being about the size of a peanut and the largest as big as a hen's egg. It was a most rare case; in fact, there had only been one or two known in this country, although in Iceland it was very prevalent.

The disease is caused by worms laying eggs on cabbage, which are carried through the consumer's blood to the heart, and set up these cysts.

Broad-brimmed straw hats have been supplied to the borough police at High Wycombe for duty during the hot weather.

Two young girls, pupils of a Bangor school, have succeeded in swimming across the Menai Straits.

Arthur Byard, stoker on H.M.S. Endymion, was awarded £1, and 10s. for expenses, at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday, for chasing some thieves in Hampstead-road.

Diving from a bathing machine into water only three and a half feet deep, at Tynemouth, Frederick Pickering struck the bottom with his head and was killed.

WOULD HAVE FOUGHT AN ENGLISHMAN.

"If I had had to deal with an Englishman I would have had a fight and a drink of beer afterwards," said an Italian charged with pointing a revolver at a man with whom he had quarrelled.

But his opponent was an Italian, whom he suspected of having a knife, so he took out his revolver. He was bound over at Marlborough-street yesterday.

CRIPPLED BY ELECTRIC SHOCK.

As Thomas Kay, iron turner, was leaving the works of the British Westinghouse Company there was a rush for the door, and he was knocked against two plates of an electrical apparatus. His face was set on fire, his flesh roasted to his bone, and his right arm burnt to a useless stump.

At Manchester judgment was given for Kay for £850.

SAVED THREE LIVES AND VANISHED.

A sensational incident was witnessed at Blackpool, when a young woman fell over the promenade wall into the sea.

Two young men went to her rescue, but they were evidently not very expert swimmers, for the waves were too much for them.

Another man plunged in and rescued the whole three, and then he calmly walked off, nobody knowing who he was.

BULLDOG SEIZES PONY.

At Lostock, Northwich, a doctor was driving when a large bulldog, which had been lying in the roadway, leaped at the throat of his pony. The dog tore the throat open, and, with blood streaming and the bulldog hanging on, the pony ran away.

The doctor's brother was thrown out of the trap and eventually the dog was shaken off, but it again seized the pony, this time by the fore-legs. Four wounds in the throat and a wound ten inches long in the leg were inflicted on the poor animal.

WANTED A PLAIN FUNERAL.

At Stratford yesterday Sarah Bentley, of Walthamstow, was remanded on a charge of attempting suicide by drinking a quantity of acetate of lead.

The prisoner sent the following letter to her sister:—

My Dear Sister,—Just a few lines to tell you by the time you get my letter I shall be dead. I have had such a lot of trouble and worry through my wicked husband that my head is so big and I don't know what to do. I have left all my things to you, dear; look after them for my sake. —Your broken-hearted Sister, SUSIE.

P.S.—Policy in drawer. I want to be buried plainly; no fuss. . . .

The sister at once hastened to defendant's house, and found her lying in bed. An emetic was administered, and she recovered.

"INVESTMENTS."

"INVESTMENTS" introduces, in an entirely original manner, new and important methods for the employment of and the means of obtaining capital.

SPECIALLY-CONTRIBUTED CHAPTERS

are "Stock Markets and How to Profit by them," "Theory of Successful Speculation," "Raising Start-up Accounts," "The Advantages of 'Call Options,'" "Contingent Mining and Industrial Securities," "How to Invest in Mines," "The American Railways," "Points for Operators in Yanks," "The Purchase of Investment Securities by Installments," "General Principles for Investors," "Rules for Investors in Mines," "General Terms," being a Glossary for Market Operators; "Stock Exchange Parities," "Insurance as a Means of Making, Raising, and Saving Money," and "Colonial Building Land: Its coming importance."

AN ENTIRELY NEW FEATURE

is a collated list of "Average Values," which will enable investors to gauge the value of any particular security.

"INVESTMENTS" (148 pages) post free on mentioning "Daily Mirror."

LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE, LIMITED.

GENERAL BANKERS, BASILDON HOUSE, BANK, LONDON, E.C. West End Office—29, ECOTIL CHAMBERS, H.O. ECOTIL STRAND, W.C.

Better Days Coming in the Investment Market.

In the course of Lombard-street wanderings yesterday the anxious Stock Exchange inquirer did not receive quite so many shocks. In fact, one or two of the great bankers, who had time to talk on a busy day, were in a decidedly more sanguine mood and may depend on it that before long we are well into next week the bankers and the Stock Exchange will alike be talking of cheaper money prices. The *Daily Mirror* said to last week in contradiction of the then-prevailing sentiment; but, as we were only mirroring facts, it was only to be expected that justification would come along. Yesterday, of course, the Stock Exchange was concerned with its general carry-over of the fortnightly Settlement. The bank did not make things too easy for the Stock Exchange, and there were fears as to the International Bank influences, and so the gilt-edged section, under the lead of Consols, was inclined to droop; albeit there was still the inquiry for the good 4 per cents, like Sierra Leone, Johannesburg, and other loans. The gilt-edged market's pessimism will not last very long.

Home Rail Increases.

In the Home Railway section also there was a better feeling. The fine weather ought to help traffic, though a drop of rain might give a little to the harvest ahead. The buying yesterday ran rather on Chathams and South-Easterns, but the feeling as a whole was better. The South-Eastern-Chatham increase was £2,281. The Great Eastern decrease of £1,300 was not as bad as it looked. Both contrasted with good increases elsewhere. Notice again a good Metropolitan—£4,610 up.

New York did not disturb the American market at first, and there was a good crop report to encourage it. Consequently, as carry-over rates were easy enough, the market went ahead, with Southern Pacific and Unions strong. But New York threw cold water on it in the afternoon, only to rally the market.

A good Canadian Pacific traffic increase of \$98,000 helped the shares, and Grand Trunk was also strong. The strong tendency for Argentine Rails, under the lead of Rosario. The Buenos Aires buying was helped by the excellent rains which have taken to the sowings of the new crops. Mexican Rails were quietly firm, in spite of slight slackening.

In Foreigners' rates there was a little better. Perhaps a few of the carry-over rates, notably on Japanese and Russians, were quite stiff enough; but on the whole Paris seemed cheery.

There was a weaker tendency for Docks, as a result of Mr. Balfour's statements overnight about the Port of London Bill. But the market was inclined to pull itself together for the prospects are good enough, in spite of the Bill. The Thorneycroft debate issue proved a success, and the lists are cheered.

Kaffirs were again sold somewhat, though there was no particular pressure. But the market accounts open seem to be giving difficulty. There was also the closing of a large account in the West Australian market, which helped to depress shares there. Again in the African section the dealers refused to be comforted by the official explanation of the bad Ashanti Goldfields crushing return.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * * The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2½ per cent.	89½	89½	Pacific	111	112½
Do Account	89½	89½	Western	123½	124
India 5 per cent.	94½	94½	Mexican First	85½	86
London & C. 3 per cent.	89½	89½	Do Second	81	81½
Nat. War Loan	97½	97½	Rosario Comd.	913	921
Transvaal Loan	97½	97½	Do Def.	81	82
Argentine 1880	101	101½	Canadian	127½	128
Do Funding	101½	102	Gd. Trk. Ord.	143	144
Brazilian 5 per cent.	89½	89½	Do 1st Pref.	103½	104
Chile 1888	84	84	Do 2nd Pref.	89	90
China 5 per cent.	89½	89½	Do 3rd	89	90
Japanese 1890	89½	89½	Nitrato Ord.	71	71
Italian 1890	104	104½	Aerated Bread	88	89
Japan 5 per cent.	89½	89½	Alliopp Ord.	87	88
Per. 4 per cent.	73	73	City & Sub.	97	98
Portuguese 1890	89½	89½	Gas Light Ord.	94	95
Russian 4 per cent.	89½	89½	Do 1st Pref.	403	404
Spanish 4 per cent.	89½	89½	La. Gen. Ord.	112	113
Turkish 4 per cent.	89½	89½	Lipton	180	181
Uruguay 4 per cent.	89½	89½	La. D. O. Ord.	70	71
			Nelson's	230	231
			Sweetwater Auto.	157	158
			Wickens, Massing	14	15
			Welbach Auto.	4	5

Brighton Def.	123	123	Anglo-French	3½	3½
Calcutta Def.	91	91	Ashanti G. F.	2½	2½
Central London	91	91	Assoc. G. M.	2½	2½
Chatham Ord.	161	161	Barrato Cons.	2½	2½
Do Pref.	161	161	Champ. Pref.	32	32½
Do 2nd Pref.	70	70	Chartered Cos.	14	14
Great Eastern	91½	92	City & Sub.	94	94
Gt. Northern Def.	49	49	Crown Ref.	14	14
Great Central A.	148	148	East Rand	7½	7½
Great Western	143	143	E. Rand. M. Est.	38	38
Metropolitan	90	90	Geduld	6½	6½
District	38	38	Gld'nubus L.	54	54
Midland Pref.	68	68	Gold Coast	10	10
Do Def.	142	142	Gold'n Horsehoe	7½	7½
North British Def.	44	44	Gt. Bid. Per. New	110	110
North Eastern	142	142	Do 2nd Pref.	26	26
North Western	151	151	Gt. Fingal 10	8	8
South East's Def.	62	62	Ivanhoe	7½	7½
South West. Def.	53	53	Job. & Co.	10	10
Do Ord.	103	103	Knight's	50	50
Atchison	70	70	Lake View Cons.	100	100
Baltimore	84	84	Lat. Mil. & S. L.	10	10
Chesapeake	84	84	Meyer & Charl.	5	5
Chit. Mil. & S. L.	10	10	Middleton	88	88
Denver	22	22	Mo. Gold	14	14
Eric Shares	25	25	Nile Valley	1	1
Do Pref.	62	62	N. Copper	28	28
Illinois Cent.	137	137	Oreum	18	18
Lille and N. Vill.	115	115	Oroya Dr. Wharfs	38	38
Missouri	115	115	Ray Consol.	10	10
Ontario	28	28	Randfontein	22	22
Norfolk	60	60	Rio Tinto	50	50
Pennsylvania	60	60	Rand Mines	10	10
Reading	28	28	Sons Gwalia	14	14
Southern Ord.	28	28	Trans. Devel.	15	15
Southern Pacific	28	28	Wals.	10	10
Union Pacific	84	84	Wassau	4	4
U.S. Steel Ord.	10	10	Zelichedach	6	6
Do Pref.	28	28	Zelichedach	6	6
Wabash Pref.	28	28			

B.A. Gt. South 132 133

£500, A TIMEPIECE, AND A COW.

The will of Mr. Joseph Porter, of Accrington, Durham, has been proved at £15,175. The testator bequeaths to his servant, Ann Withington, £500, a timepiece, and a cow.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1904.

THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.

What kind of knowledge is the most useful? Is it better to be able to do a sum in algebra or to know that dirt leads to disease and disease to painful early death? Would you rather have in your head all the capitals of all the countries in Europe or be able by simple means to cure that head when it ached?

Surely, the most important things one can teach a child are those things upon which its health depend. If it cannot keep its health all other knowledge will be useless: "A living dog is better than a dead lion," says the proverb; and by the same token an ignorant, healthy human being is far better off than the most learned man or woman whose life is made a burden by perpetual ailments.

Naturally, one would suppose, therefore, that the laws of Nature, and some ordinary precautions against the ills that flesh is heir to, would be taught in all our schools. We have been pretending to study education long enough to have got some sort of a system into shape. It cannot be that we are missing out the most important teaching of all.

Those who reason like that do not know the class of mind which comes to the top in our Government offices. The truth is we have no system of education at all. We give no teaching on the most important of all subjects. We leave children to pick up knowledge about themselves the best way (or the worst way) they can. And the consequence is that our population grows feeble and less healthy every year.

Will anything come of the demand of the doctors that a change shall be made? We doubt it, so long as a man like Lord Londonderry is at the head of the Education Office. Education of children in this country is in a very bad way. Peers who are ready to take any office that happens to be going are not likely reformers. In all departments of State we want More Steam.

433 PER CENT. INTEREST.

No one is so kind to the poor as the poor. That is a saying one often hears, and in the main it is a true saying. But, on the other hand, it is equally true that no one is so cruel to the poor as the poor.

To lend money at the rate of 433 per cent. interest is extortion of the very worst description. That is what the loan of shillings at a penny a week interest amounts to. And that is the rate which poor people, especially poor women, extort from their fellows in the mean streets and courts of our great cities.

There is no way to meet this evil except to start People's Banks, which would lend small sums at reasonable interest. Even then the extortioner would still find clients. For most borrowers require money for some purpose they don't want talked about. They would still prefer to borrow in the quietest possible way.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is becoming all the more necessary for woman to be fully equipped for the battle of life since man, as her guardian and protector, is so apt to neglect his duties.

The Aryans laid down the rule that "The father is a woman's guardian in childhood, the husband in youth, and the son in the decline of life." Circumstances brought about by man's own actions, ignorance, and conceit, are daily making it more and more difficult for woman to obtain the protection and help prescribed for youth and age.

If, therefore, society is to be saved from ruin, and man is to guard his own selfish well-being, every woman must be trained and armed physically and morally to protect herself and to make her own way in life. From "The Problem of Existence," by M. C. Mallik (Unwin, 10s. 6d.).

LIKE, BUT OH! HOW DIFFERENT!



That the middle class are suffering under their burden of exorbitant taxation is shown by the fact that a well-known catering firm's sales of champagne were less by 11,000 bottles last year than in 1902, and of course 19,000 bottles less. John Bull can only afford to drink soda water, as he goes sorrowfully over the records of his past extravagance.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Justice Parker, U.S.A.

You must permit me to express my gratitude and admiration for the splendid manifestation of honour and courage you have given your countrymen and the democracy in your St. Louis dispatch.

That is what Mr. Cleveland, twice President of the United States, has written to the man who last week was an unknown quantity, even to his countrymen.

No man ever made a great reputation in a more striking way. Of course he would not have been thought of as a candidate for the Presidency if he had not made some sort of a name. But no one thought he was more than a respectable nonentity, of the same type as McKinley, or the late President Faure, of France.

His chance came when the Democratic Congress began to wobble over the Currency question. Gold standard or silver standard? Should they leave their programme undecided? It would be dishonest, but it might be profitable. "Let us catch all the votes we can," said the party managers.

That, in fact, was what had been pretty well settled, when Mr. Parker from a distance made the telegraph wire speak his view.

"I will have no tampering with our present system," he declared. "Gold must stay or you need not nominate me for President."

In one bound he was the second biggest man in the United States. Mr. Cleveland only expresses what everybody feels. "Justice Parker is a Man," they say. The quiet lawyer of last week is to-day in the front rank of statesmanship.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Are the "Beastly" Customs of the Masai Tribe, Which Sir Charles Eliot So Strongly Condemns?

To begin with, the men devote the first half of their lives to raiding their neighbours. They are keen-fighters and bad people to meet when they are on the war-path.

While they are not actually engaged in raids, which are the East African equivalent of hooliganism, they live in idleness, getting up their strength on beef and milk, and making love to all the unmarried girls of the tribe whom they can terrorise or coerce.

When they settle down and get married they leave off being hooligans and take to cattle-breeding. But even then they leave most of the work to be done by slaves, women, and young boys.

PAYS BETTER.

Inquiring Mountaineer: Isn't there a hermitage somewhere about here?

Obliging Peasant: Well, he used to be a hermit, but now he sells picture-postcards.—"Journal Amusant" (French).

SEVERELY PUNISHED.

"So Silas was charged with havin' seven wives. Was th' Judge severe on him?"

"Awful! He discharged him with all seven of his wives waitin' fer him in th' corridor."—"Judge" (American).

When we make a poor guess we realise that to err is human; but when we make a good one we are convinced that foresight is a matter of intellectual superiority.—"Puck," New York.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

In appearance the Khedive of Egypt, who is in London just now, comfortably installed at Claridge's Hotel, is hardly the ideal ruler of men. He is short, and inclined to undue rotundity. His features, however, are pleasant, open, and frank. He looks you straight in the face in conversation, and you must be from regions remote indeed if you cannot converse with him. For in addition to Arabic he speaks English, French, German, Italian, and Turkish fluently. Abbas II. has no harem, but remains faithful to his one and only wife, as did his father before him. The King likes and respects him.

So does the Austrian Emperor, who has been his good friend this many a year. He received his military education in Vienna, and learnt common sense from wise old Franz Joseph at the same time. At first he did not altogether do his mentor justice. He showed some inclination to kick against the pricks of British policy in Egypt. But Lord Cromer soon settled that difficulty, and since then all has been well. The Khedive's income is £200,000 a year, so he can afford to take a holiday now and then. But he spends money like a gentleman, and not like some Eastern potentates who are never happy unless they are throwing it about.

Egypt is experiencing another exodus. Not only the Khedive, but Lord Cromer and the Sirdar are also both away for their holidays. Happily, Lord Cromer can plead not guilty to the charge of having spoiled the Egyptians prior to his departure. They once thought he would—but not with kindness. He has a straight, direct manner, which his intimates, in their candour, used, in the days that are gone, to describe as overbearing. But there was only a pun on his family name, as was the rhymed epigram with which they sent him off from India on his first taking up his appointment in Egypt:—

The Egyptians some patience have shown;
But our Evelyn Baring is such
They will yet live to own with a groan
There's an evil in bearing too much.

Sir Francis Wingate, the Sirdar, may with a contented mind leave Egypt these days. It is but right that he should file it was who delivered the final blow which struck Mahdism dead. He had had something to do with this part of the world before—as Commandant of the Cholera Hospital at Cairo—and in the same hemisphere had bearded the lion of Judah in his den.

Just comfortably in the forties, he is built on lasting lines—short, sturdy, with a chest like a Sandow. There is determination in every line of his face, and though he has recourse to the monocle, it is but a trimming. His eyes are of the sort that see through things. He is a good sort. When chosen to rout out the Khalifa, he merely counted himself a lucky man. And he had a regret in his triumph that his old chum, Slatin, was not there to share the honours.

Duchesses and others please note:—

The Duchess of Sutherland presents her compliments to the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*, and begs to thank him for his kindness in helping her with her fête on July 1. She is glad to say it was a great success.

I am very glad, too. It is a pleasure to help anyone who responds so politely as that. Perhaps in time gratitude to the Press may even become usual.

Miss Symonds, who, as "George Paston," produced yesterday the play which is noticed elsewhere, and had such a great success, has been known as a novelist and a writer of eighteenth century gossip for some time. This is her first acted play. She is not very young, but, nevertheless, goes in for gymnastics and bicycling to balance the hours devoted to her desk. Why she called herself "Paston" she alone knows. The "George," of course, was inevitable. All women who take men's names call themselves "George."

The split in the Oswestry division over the Licensing Bill, will be less disconcerting to Mr. Bright than to Mr. Bridgman, the Liberal Unionist candidate. Indeed, the Liberal appears likely to gain unexpected support therefrom. The Brights are by this time accustomed to secession and division. They have experienced it in their own house. The Home Rule Bill broke up the family circle completely. Several members of the family followed John Bright, his head, into the Unionist camp, the Oswestry candidate among them. His brother, Leatham, did not, whereupon John Bright wrote him an expostulation. "Dear father," the son replied, "Is this the way that one statesman should write to another?"

Mr. Clive Bridgman, the Unionist candidate, is a "whole hogger." Also he is a landowner. His opponent is more associated with commerce, being a director of the firm which bears his name, and of the L. and N.W. Railway Company. Mr. Bridgman lives at Leigh Manor, Ministerley, and is personally known to the electors. He did not, however, know them sufficiently well to be able to anticipate the cloud which has arisen upon his horizon, a cloud no bigger than a brewer's fist, but a very menacing fist at that.

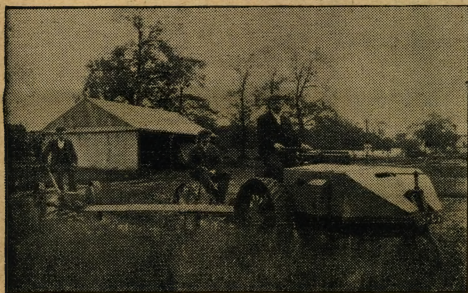
Your husband says he established his hotel by honest toil," remarked the woman who hears all that is said in the village.

"Yes," answered the tired-looking woman; "but he didn't say whose toil, did he?"—"Washington Star."

THE ANDERSON CASE.



Constable Anderson, now one of the most famous men in the R.I.C., who fell in love with Miss Sweeney, of Kiltimagh, County Galway. He is a Protestant, while his fiancée is a Roman Catholic, and the local priest, it is said, finding that his remonstrances were of no avail, used his influence with the Under-Secretary for Ireland and had the constable transferred to a distant part of the country.—(Photograph by London Photographic Company.)



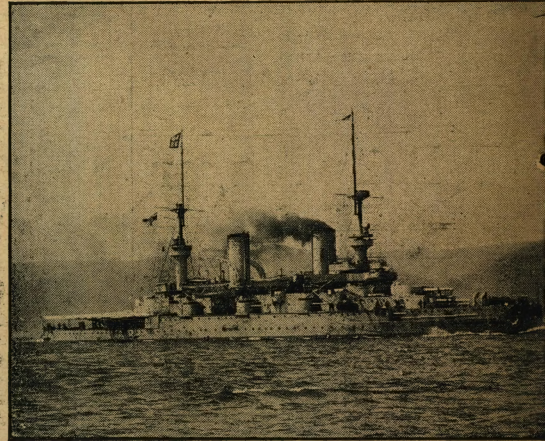
A mowing machine at work, drawn by an ivel agricultural motor. The motor is now largely adopted for agricultural purposes.

"W. D." CHANNEL SWIM.



Haggerty, who is now in training for the "Weekly Dispatch" Channel swim, leaving Blackpool Pier yesterday.

GERMAN FL.



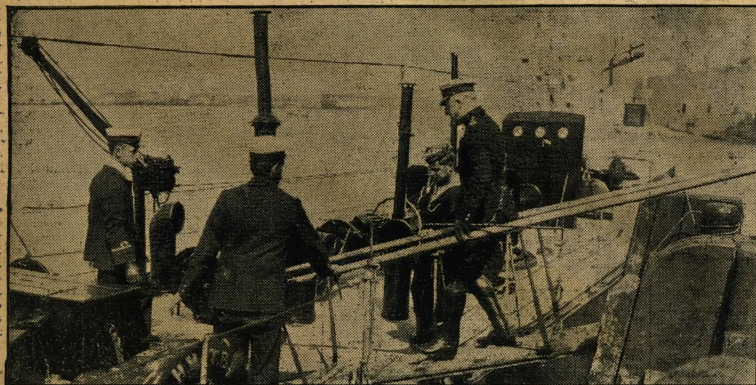
Photograph taken at Plymouth of two German vessels, part of the squadron of Admiral von Koester, Commander-in-Chief of the fleet. The ship is the "Goeben".

NEW ZEALAND MARKSMEN AT BISLEY.



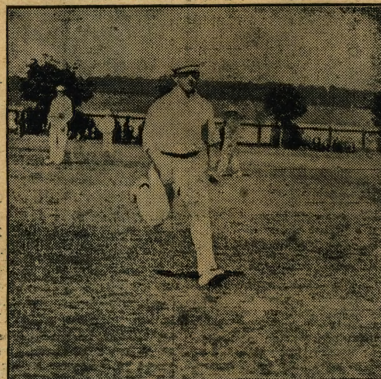
Some of the New Zealand marksmen who have come over here for the shooting at Bisley. This photograph was taken during the 90-yard butts.—(Photograph by Knight, Aldershot.)

THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL ON HIS ROUND.



H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Inspector-General of the Forces, embarking on board H.M. torpedo-boat No. 110 at Portsmouth, on Monday, on his round of inspection of the forts and harbour defences.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)

DANNY MAHER "LEATHER HUNTING."

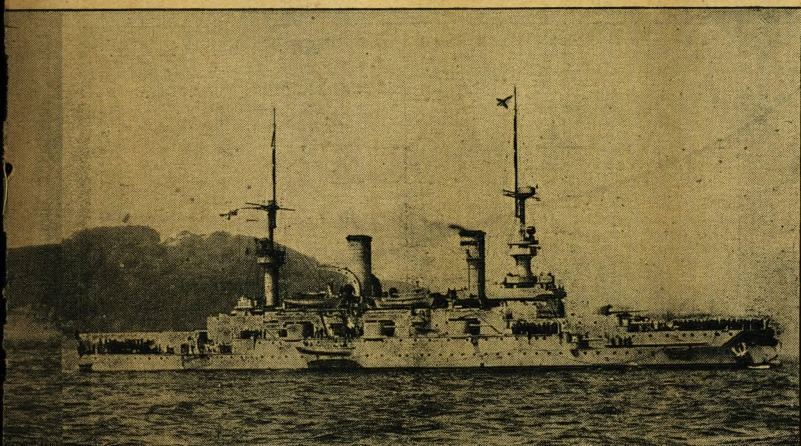


Danny Maher, the well-known jockey, fielding in the annual Press and Jockeys' cricket match at Newmarket on Monday.



During the game in straw hats.

SHIPS IN PLYMOUTH HARBOUR.



adron now visiting that port. The first vessel in the photograph is the Kaiser Wilhelm II, the flagship on the right of the picture is Rear-Admiral Breusing's flagship, the Wittelsbach.—(Photograph by Abrahams, Devonport.)

CHINESE GUARDS IN MANCHURIA.



This photograph of Chinese official guards carrying emblems was taken by Mr. Charles E. Hands, the well-known war correspondent, on his way through Manchuria with the Russian Army.

COUNTRY MANSION ABLAZE.



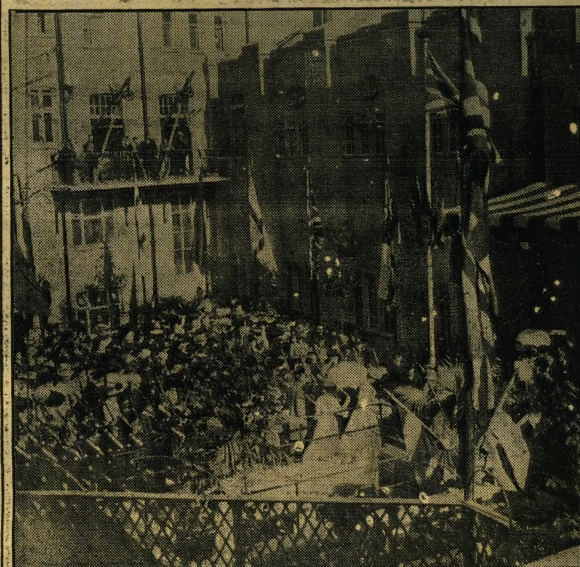
Firemen at work extinguishing the outbreak of fire which occurred on Monday afternoon at Rosenau, the residence of the Honourable Evelyn Ellis, at Datchet.—(Photograph by Brooks.)

"THE GUV'NOR'S" SHOP.



To the cricket enthusiasts who come up to London for the big matches at the Oval, the sight of sights is the famous Surrey cricketer, Abel's, shop in the Kennington-road.

ROYALTY AND MISSION WORK.



On Monday afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the new building of the Leysian Mission in the City-road. Snapshot of their Royal Highnesses inspecting the open-air preaching garden on the roof of the building.

THE HEAT IN NEW YORK.



the street hawkers of New York do a roaring trade photograph shows a number of Chinamen bargaining round a street hatter's cart.

GENERAL OKU.



He is in command of the Japanese second army, advancing on Tashihchao, where a big battle may be expected.

CHANGES OF CHARACTER WROUGHT BY MATRIMONY.

DOES MARRIAGE IMPROVE PEOPLE?

THE GREAT TEST OF LOVE.

Taking the world all round, one feels inclined to believe it does. Regard the circle of your own acquaintances, and in how many cases will you not see that the married are improved tenfold? You remember young Mr. Jones in his bachelor days? Well, he was an ordinary man enough—somewhat selfish as a bachelor is apt to be, somewhat slipshod, and careless in his ways, a little morose, probably from having lived so much alone, rather ill-tempered, dogmatic, and disagreeable.

He took to himself a wife a few years ago, and you have seen nothing of him since. One day you met unexpectedly. Can this be the same man? You stand amazed to discover that he is alert, active, and responsible, that he thinks of other people as well as himself, that he is neat, punctual, and particular in his habits, that he can stand contradiction without snapping your head off, and that he is altogether a transformed and reformed man.

Or take the case of little Miss Robinson. You used to dance with her before she was engaged, and meet her at tennis parties, or on the river. You thought her a rather feather-headed, foolish little girl, with a tendency to peevishness, that served to counter-balance her youthful prettiness in your judgment. Perhaps you did not go as far as your sisters, and pronounce her a horrid girl; but you certainly did not feel inclined to envy Mr. Smith unduly when you heard of the engagement, or feel that your congratulations to him need be of an overwhelming nature.

You meet her again at Brighton this summer. She has been Mrs. Smith long enough now to make her start and laugh and blush when you

an annoying kind of person, that you can only marvel at her treatment of him. She is devoted to him, it seems, and has no desire for anyone's society but his; she is a pattern wife and mother. You remember, with an odd kind of wonder, that



The tea-gown on the right is one of the thousands of desirable bargains that are being sold this month at William Whiteley's, Westbourne-grove.

made a stupid mistake in the surprise of seeing her, and called her Miss Robinson, as you used to do. You wondered why you had ever thought her anything but delightful. She is sympathetic and gentle, and so patient with her husband, who is

you once regarded Mr. Smith as an object rather of compassion than envy; you can't think why you were so dense.

But, as a matter of fact, it is marriage that has wrought the change. Miss Robinson might have

have become more peevish and more given to desire the attentions of other men. If Mr. Jones had not loved the girl he married, she would never have been able to influence him for good; she could not have cured his faults and improved his temper, and made him an ornament to his sex.

Marriage, where there is love, is one of the most potent factors of improvement in the world. Where love is not, it is very apt to deteriorate people, instead of making them better. So be warned all you who are about to marry. The step you meditate may be either for your benefit, or for your harm. When you see married people who are not as nice as they were before marriage, you may be pretty sure of one thing—they married from some other reason than because they loved each other. If love had been there, the new relation could not have failed to bring about the improvement it ought always to make.

A MAMMOTH SALE.

TO-MORROW IS AN IMPORTANT DAY.

Westbourne-grove is as busy as a bee-hive this week because William Whiteley's Summer Sale has started. It began on Monday and will continue until the end of the month. To-morrow business will "hum" indeed, for each Thursday is a remnant day, for which reductions of the most delightful magnitude have been made. The silk department will contain lengths of lovely fabric that will cost only a few pence a yard, for it is an actual fact that the thin summer fabrics are almost being given away.

In the department devoted to dainty tea-gowns and negligees a sketch was made of the useful and very becoming model sketched on this page, which costs 27s. 6d. only, and is most elegantly accented-pleated, save for the collar and elegant sleeves and the ruffle at the hem of the skirt, all of which are inset with very pretty cream lace. The gown can be bought in black and almost any colour, to wit, pink, mauve, pale blue, navy blue, old rose, cream, red, and ecru-de-Nil.

The boys' clothing department is appealing to mothers and aunts, and, without a doubt, deserves to do so. The little cream serge American blouses at 1s. 11d. are just the very garments to take to the sea-side, and the Norfolk and Rugby suits that cost only 7s. 11d. each are really remarkable value. Messrs. Whiteley have customers who entrust to them certain sums of money to expend on the sale. One lady sent a cheque for close upon £200 last week, for which she has received an ample outfit in return.

Muslin that cost 1s. 9d. a yard is now being sold at 6d. a yard, and model mantles from Paris that were from three to twenty-five guineas are now costing from a guinea and a half to seven and a half guineas. These examples form the general advantages of the sale, which are enor-

DAINTIES IN LACE.

COCKADE ROSETTES COMPOSED OF IT.

One of the very new ways of using lace is to take insertion and border it with satin ruchings. Narrow satin ribbon is used, and the ruching is made thick and full. This is sewn round the edge of the lace application, which is then set upon the dress. Such applications are used to trim skirts and blouses, and are also seen upon sleeves, and always with the edging of ribbon that gives the finishing touch to the lace.

Then there is the lace cockade rosette that is so charming upon the summer gown. It is made of lace gathered along one edge with a thread, which is pulled taut, and the rosette is made. If desired, a little jewel can be set in the middle of the rosette.

Little lace roses are charming items. A group of them in white Valenciennes lace, with small red silk rosettes in the middle, was observed upon one of the prettiest evening gowns of the season. These lace roses, in groups of six or eight, trim the skirts of evening gowns and those of day gowns. They are delightfully dainty, and are feminine in the very last degree.

But there is still another new fad for the woman who likes pretty trimmings, and this a French one. Wide stoles of silk are sewn to the shoulder of the gown and are allowed to hang to the waistline, where they are bordered with lace. Little trifling fancies these are, yet charming in the sum and substance of the season's wardrobe.

AN AMUSING TRICK.

Give another boy a broomstick, and tell him to grasp it with both hands near the end. Let him plant the other end firmly in an angle between the wall and the floor, and then tell him to pass entirely under the stick, from one side to the other, between his hands and the floor.

If he attempts this apparently easy feat without knowing how it should be done, he will be almost sure to do one of three things. He will either stop and give the task up, or he will let the stick go and tumble on his nose, or he may possibly hold on and come down to the floor, stick and all, because his knees have given way or his feet have slipped. This is because he, quite naturally, tries to pass under the stick with his face towards the wall. After he and the others have failed in one way or another and have declared the feat impossible, show them how easy it is by doing it yourself.

You must stand with your back towards the wall and with your feet rather far apart and well braced, and of course you must bend backwards as your head and body go under the stick. Your feet and the end of the stick form a broad triangle, and if the stick is long enough and firmly grasped, there is little danger of either falling or failing.

The end of the stick should not be very round and smooth, and you should always hold it and caution the others to hold it exactly perpendicular to the line where the wall meets the floor, without the least slant to right or left, otherwise it will slip sideways.

Mme. DOWDING,

The Leading Corsetiere.

Under Royal and Distinguished Patronage.



The ... ELITE.

From 21/- TO 6 Guineas.

Steen & Co. Stock. From 10 to 20 30 in waist.

GENTS' BELTS AND CORSETS A SPECIALITY.

(All communications strictly private to Belt Department.) PARADY HOUSE, 8 & 10, Charing Cross Road (Opposite National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.)



Among the necessary accessories of the sea-bather's outfit are sandals made of canvas with straw or cork soles, a waterproof cap or bonnet, a bag to hold the toilet articles that are required after the swim, and a corset composed of linen, with cords instead of whalebone to stiffen it.

ANGELA

53, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.

The smartest Costumière and Milliner in the West End.—Vide Fashionable Press Opinions.

CHIC SPECIALITIES.

HATS . . . 1 to 3 Guineas.
BLOUSES . . 2 to 5 Guineas.
COSTUMES . 5 to 20 Guineas.

Terms—Cash or London Trade Reference. Country orders under £5 cash with order.

retained her faults to the end of the chapter, and Mr. Jones would have been himself still, if either had married. Matrimony has the power of rubbing down corners, and softening angles, of making people bear and forbear, of teaching patience, and consideration, and carefulness. It is this that has changed the disposition and character, and made both these people and millions of others far nicer members of society than they would otherwise have been.

But though marriage may be expected as a general rule to improve people, there must be exceptions, and in cases where people marry from other reasons than the right one, they have no reason to be surprised if the effect is not beneficial, but the reverse. If Miss Robinson had married Mr. Smith for his money, she would probably have grown selfish, cold, and self-absorbed; she would

have become more peevish and more given to invade the fur department, where there are most wonderful bargains to be picked up.

A THIRST PREVENTIVE.

There is no need for anyone to suffer from thirst, no matter how hot the weather is; and the remedy, like all good things, is very simple, besides being within the reach of all.

Before going out just put a tiny pinch of table salt on your tongue, and let it dissolve; and you will not be troubled with thirst at all; in fact, you will be less thirsty than usual. This simple plan has been adopted by the ladies who imparted it to the *Mirror* for many years, and they have never felt thirsty, even during the hottest weather, and are consequently nearly always cool.

WHY DO PEOPLE DRINK LESS?

John Bull and his islanders are not drinking champagne and the better-class wines as they used to do in times past. Even stockbrokers have forgotten the sight of a "magnificent fizz."

This is particularly true of the people who have hitherto run up wine bills with Spiers and Pond. At the twenty-third annual meeting of the company the chairman attributed a large diminution in profits to this cause, notwithstanding an increase in their customers.

Bad weather last summer and a chronic spell of dull trade were blamed for a shrinkage in the spending power of the people.

From inquiries yesterday it appeared that there are no proofs that a wave of teetotalism, or semi-teetotalism, has anything to do with the case.

"For myself," said Mr. Joseph Lyons, in his characteristic way, "I have not got a double-breasted hump. There is always an ebb and flow, but the present ebb cannot be described as abnormal. Indeed, I can hardly honestly say there is any ebb."

He pointed across the crowded dining room at the Trocadero in the afternoon for proof. The tables were well-studded with bottles of wine.

"What were luxuries ten or fifteen years ago are necessities to-day," he said. "I asked a theatrical manager the other day why he had so many poor houses. His reply was 'Bad plays.' I took the hint to heart."

Mr. Lyons admitted that stockbrokers were not drinking champagne in quart bottles and magnums, as of old. But he said there had never been a boom since he opened in Threadneedle-street.

On the whole, the situation could be fairly summed up thus: More people are dining in restaurants and hotels than formerly, but proportionately less wine is being consumed.

"MIRROR'S" NON-STOP MOTOR TRIALS.

Inquiries at the Automobile Club show that no decision has at present been arrived at with regard to the *Mirror's* application for official sanction for its non-stop trial of automobiles.

Meantime, the Duryea Company, of Coventry (which, by the by, is presided over by the chairman of the Club's Trade Committee), write that they hope to enter a car, and the Star Company, of Wolverhampton, after perusing the *Mirror's* proposed conditions, enter two cars.

The total of definite entries now amounts to thirteen cars.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

In reference to your communication re proposed non-stop trials for motor-cars, we agree that the competition would be an interesting one, although

it is possible the better cars may find it too long to be pleasant if they are to go on until they do stop. If held, and the rules are such as we can approve of, we will enter a Duryea power carriage if we have one, and the necessary drivers, at liberty.

THE DURYEA COMPANY.

Coventry, July 11.

PERILOUS LAKE OF OIL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CACON, Tuesday.

The strike of 10,000 workmen at the petroleum beds at Borysthal, Galicia, has created a very serious situation. According to reports, springs eruptive, the petroleum, when it rises, is pumped into reservoirs, but, as all pumping has now ceased, the petroleum floods the ground and pours into the river Meynowka.

The danger is that the least carelessness will produce a stream of fire and set the district ablaze.

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A Return to Con- sciousness.

As the horses flew along, Beatrix Heron lay back in the Victoria pondering over many things. She was alarmed beyond measure by her father's words and the view he took of Margaret's condition. Could it be possible that the latter was really insane? The idea was terrible. Beatrix was not a woman to shirk responsibility; yet she found herself wishing that the scene in front of her might have been spared, at all events till her own day of trial was over. She was not particularly anxious or fanciful about her own health; still she knew she ought to be specially careful. Also she felt bitterly disappointed that she would not hear her husband address the House that night. How anxiously she and John Heron had discussed the speech he was going to make, and how they had thought it out and rehearsed it together, and now she would not hear it. She checked a short sigh as the carriage entered the park at full trot; her thoughts must be with Margaret now, with the woman she had come to help.

She found Margaret Chevenix in bed in her own bedroom, and the first sight of the thin, stricken face made Beatrix shiver. She read such dull, hopeless misery there, such wild unreasoning despair. Margaret's hair streamed down over the pillow, and she wore a dainty bed jacket, whilst the nurse was bending over her patient evidently trying to soothe her, and the woman glanced up with a look of relief when Beatrix entered, for she had been having a very trying time.

"Ah, here is Mrs. Heron," she said, cheerfully. "Are you not glad to see Mrs. Heron? Mrs. Chevenix is much better to-day," the nurse added, turning and addressing Beatrix, "she knows who we all are."

"Where is Mr. Chevenix?" asked Margaret, trying to raise herself up in bed. Her voice was very thin and weak, and it had a strange, hoarse note in it. "I want to see Mr. Chevenix." "Father had to go up to London, dear Margaret," replied Beatrix, softly, coming forward and approaching the bed, "so he sent me here to look after you, not but what you are in kind, capable hands." Beatrix smiled as she spoke, and looked at the pleasant-faced nurse, a slim, dark-haired woman, with a very refined face—a woman who looked as if she had known what it was to suffer and so could appreciate the sufferings of others.

"Is he afraid to see me?" Margaret Chevenix muttered the words half aloud. Her face had grown very pale, and the dark half-circles under her eyes were very noticeable; indeed, she looked extremely ill, and it struck Beatrix that her sufferings were quite as much mental as bodily.

"Why should he be afraid, dear?" she asked soothingly, bending down and laying her cool hand on the sick woman's hot forehead, at the same time brushing the hair gently from her brow. "You are so much better now, you see; you have been very ill, but now you are going to get strong and well again."

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed the nurse, with a smile of encouragement. "You are the substance of your own fears. You were in a dreamland of your own a few hours ago, recognising nobody, and now you are quite yourself again, fully conscious of the fact that you are in your own pretty bedroom, and that kind Mrs. Heron has come down to see you." She shook up the cushions as she spoke, and gave Margaret some drink from a medicine glass that stood near on a small table, and then she moved lightly across the room and half drew down the blind, for the hot sunshine was streaming in glaringly through the open window.

"Don't shut out the light," cried the invalid, in rather a querulous voice. "I seem to have been so long in the dark. I have been wandering down long, gloomy passages, stumbling blindly along. Oh, it has been terrible—pull up the blind at once, please, and let in the sun."

The nurse obeyed. Margaret watched her, then turned her head and suddenly addressed Beatrix. "There is something I want to remember," she said, "and yet that eludes me, and it has to do with your father. Can you help me—my head aches so;

my head aches so badly, and my eyeballs burn." She raised her hand as she spoke and pressed it against her forehead. Beatrix noticed how thin and transparent it had got, and how boldly the blue veins showed against the white skin.

"Don't fret your brain, dear, trying to remember things," remarked the nurse soothingly; "everything will come back to you slowly; but just now you must rest that poor aching head of yours and try and get a little sleep. She looks as if she wanted a good sleep, doesn't she, Mrs. Heron?"

"Indeed she does," replied Beatrix quickly, and then, impelled by some strong instinct of pity, she bent her head and kissed Margaret tenderly. "Go to sleep," she whispered gently, "and have happy dreams."

"How kind you are," murmured Margaret languidly, half closing her eyes; "Yes, I will try to sleep; perhaps I shall remember things better when I wake up. Did I fall into the water?" she asked with a start; "I seem to remember water closing all over my head, such cold, icy water, and then the darkness came; but how did I get into the water—was it a dream, I wonder?" She closed her eyes as she spoke, as though she hardly expected a reply to her question. The nurse looked meaningfully at Beatrix, and put her finger to her mouth, as though commanding silence. Beatrix took the hint and stole softly from the room.

Downstairs, in the deserted drawing-room, she found Dr. Seton. The little medico looked anxious and worried, but his face cheered as he saw Beatrix, and he advanced eagerly to greet her.

"Ah, Mrs. Heron, I am so thankful to see you," he exclaimed, drawing a chair forward, "won't you sit down and rest, for you look tired."

"I'm afraid I look worse," Beatrix confessed, with rather a weary sigh, as she sank into the depths of the chair, "but don't let us waste time talking about me. How do you think Mrs. Chevenix is?" She looked hard at the doctor as she spoke, studying his face with close attention, feverishly anxious to learn the truth. "Mrs. Chevenix is very ill," answered the doctor slowly. "As you know, she has only just recovered semi-consciousness, and her weakness is very evident; she is still fearfully nervous, and her temperature is extremely high. I cannot say more."

"Do you think her brain is likely to be affected?" asked Beatrix in low tones. "My father seemed to fear something of the kind might happen—but she seems quite rational now."

Dr. Seton knit his brows. "Mrs. Chevenix had some odd fancies during her delirium," he answered slowly, "and Mr. Chevenix seemed to take more notice of them than he need. I told him it was a mere condition of the brain, but I could see he was very troubled. Now my fears are more for my patient's life than for her sanity." He drew a deep breath as he spoke and walked over to the open window, gazing out on the green expanse of lawn. "I am sorry you have come down here," he said, "glad as I always am to see you, for I foresee we are in for a sharp fight with death, and you ought to be taking care of yourself at home. Go back to-morrow, you can do no good by staying on here."

"Tell me one thing, Dr. Seton," interrupted Beatrix hurriedly. "You do not think that my stepmother is likely to die? Oh, surely you will be able to save her life?"

"My dear," he said kindly, "you must not ask me such a question. I am not the Lord of Life and Death. I can wish and pray, but I can do nothing helpless we doctors are. We are only—yes, even

the cleverest and best of us—pleaders for life at a great bar, and the verdict always rests with the Judge. As for Mrs. Chevenix," he coughed as he spoke, "I can only repeat what I said before—she is in a very critical condition. She can never have had a very strong constitution, and she was not in good health before the accident; but as to her sanity, that's right enough at present."

As he spoke, a hasty knock came to the door, and Nurse Graham ran into the room. She looked agitated and troubled.

"Will you come upstairs at once, please, doctor," she said in hurried tones; "Mrs. Chevenix is in a very restless and distressed condition. I cannot quite make matters out, for she wants to see Mrs. Heron, too, but I don't quite know"—and the woman glanced rather irresolutely at Beatrix—"perhaps you had better wait till Mrs. Chevenix is a little calmer," she added, giving the doctor a meaning look.

"But what is the matter, nurse?" asked Dr. Seton, bustling to the door. Nurse Graham only compressed her lips tightly, and made no answer. Beatrix glanced at the woman, and then stepped forward.

If Mrs. Chevenix wants to see me, I will go to her at once," she said decidedly; "please do not think I am a weak, hysterical sort of person. I shall not be upset whatever happens. You can both trust me to keep cool and calm." She glanced quickly at nurse and doctor, for, despite her brave words, it was easy to see that she felt very nervous. Her hands were trembling painfully, and she had grown white to her lips, but Dr. Seton knew enough of the girl's character to realise that it would do her more harm than good to forbid her the sick-room.

"Come upstairs then," he said bluntly, "and we will all see what the trouble is." Margaret Chevenix was sitting up in bed when the little party entered her room, and her hair, falling over her shoulders, gave her rather a weird appearance, and she had torn her nightdress a little open at the throat. Her white face looked perfectly bloodless, but her eyes blazed with sombre fire. Directly she caught sight of Beatrix she beckoned the girl forward.

"Come here," she cried, in shrill, harsh tones. "You—you—his daughter. Come here—for I want to speak to you."

Beatrix ran swiftly up to the bed. "Oh, don't look so wild and sad," she cried; "Margaret, tell me what is troubling you so, and what I can do to help you?"

"To help me!" the sick woman laughed fiercely. "No one can help me—you least of all. But I wanted to see you. I wanted to tell you that I remember things now; yes, I remember everything quite plainly. I did not fall into the pond by accident."

"Oh, hush, hush!" murmured Dr. Seton, coming forward and laying a restraining hand on the patient's shoulder; "you mustn't talk like this, Mrs. Chevenix; you are over-agitated. Now please lie down and let me give you a nice, soothing draught. You have been dreaming ugly dreams, and you are still dazed and distressed."

"I am awake," cried Margaret, with bitter emphasis, "terribly awake. Take your medicines away; your soothing and your sleeping draughts are all of no use—unless you care to give me poppy juice and to medicine me to oblivion." She laughed wildly and hysterically. "I threw myself into the pond," she went on quickly, "because I wanted to die, and to be quit of everything. He maddened me to do it, the man they call Robert Chevenix."

He goaded me, he tortured me—where is he?" She glanced round the large room. "Is he afraid to see me," she asked sneeringly, "afraid that I may betray his secret to the world?" As Margaret Chevenix said the last words she fell back exhausted against the pillows, spent and powerless.

The nurse caught up a fan and hastened to use it, waving soft draughts of air over the patient's face, whilst Dr. Seton began mixing some strong restorative in a tumbler. Beatrix turned away from the bedside and walked slowly over to the window. She herself felt faint, and wanted to be revived by a draught of fresh air.

The countryside looked very still and peaceful; green fields flowed into green fields, and the sky was soft with haze. All at once Beatrix's attention was attracted by a pigeon. The bird was fluttering aimlessly and helplessly, its wings looking like silver in the sunlight. Suddenly a hawk pounced down on the bird, and in a few seconds its flutters and tremors were over, and the silver wings bore a stain of crimson.

Beatrix turned from the window, feeling sick at heart. She had been gazing on one of the everyday tragedies of nature, but tears were in her eyes all the same.

"Oh, the poor, helpless bird," she muttered under her breath, "and who will punish the hawk?" Even as she said the words Beatrix heard the crack of the keeper's gun, and the bird of prey had met his better.

She sank into an armchair, trembling, and covered her face with her hands. She hardly dared ask herself what truth there might be in the terrible statements Margaret had just made. It could not be possible that her father had been so cruel to the wretched woman that she had actually flung herself into the water rather than go on living with him. Margaret must be labouring under some painful delusion. Suddenly Beatrix started violently, for Doctor Seton had come up and touched her slightly on her shoulder.

"Go downstairs, my dear child," he said, gently, "you can do no possible good by remaining here. Mrs. Chevenix has relapsed into an unconscious condition again."

"It was not true what she said about my father," muttered Beatrix, lifting up her white troubled face. "Oh, Doctor Seton, you know quite well it was not true?"

"Of course it was not true," he replied soothingly; "I am only distressed that you should have happened to overhear such ravings. I thought we should have no mental trouble to deal with, but it appears I was wrong. Now I must telegraph to a specialist to come down at once, for the case is getting beyond me."

He glanced at Margaret Chevenix as he spoke, and Beatrix followed the direction of his gaze. The woman lay back amongst her pillow, absolutely exhausted. Only the slow heaving of her breast proclaimed that she was still alive.

"She looks like a broken lily," muttered Beatrix pitifully; "and how white and sad her face is; she must have suffered a good deal in her life. Look at those thin, wasted hands, and the heavy lines under her eyes."

"Yes, she has suffered," answered the man slowly, and then he quoted, half under his breath, hardly realising what he said:—"For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."

"What do you mean?" asked Beatrix.

"I meant nothing very much," came the quick reply, "only that at some time or other in her life Mrs. Chevenix must have passed through very troubled days. She is worn out and exhausted, but not with years, for she is still, comparatively speaking, a young woman. It is sorrow and pain that age people; grief claims more victims than people think, and it paves the way for the approach of disease."

Beatrix rose slowly from her chair and walked towards the door, and as she did so the woman on the bed stirred feebly and muttered to herself in low tones. Nurse Graham bent down her head to listen.

"What does she say?" asked Beatrix, pausing, with her hand on the door knob; "please tell me, nurse?"

"I would rather not," answered the woman, evasively; "it would only pain you. Hush—hush," she stroked and patted the sufferer, trying to calm her, but Margaret got more restless.

"Tell me what she said," repeated Beatrix; "I insist on hearing."

Nurse Graham made no answer, but only shook her head, whilst a startled expression had come into her eyes. Had she listened to the ravings of a mad woman, or was Margaret Chevenix speaking the truth—the nurse could not say. Time would have to prove.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

MONEY for PHOTOGRAPHS.

The "Daily Mirror" will explain To-morrow a
UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

£2 2s. for a Snap Shot. £2 2s. for a Time Photo.
Six £1 1s. Prizes.

FLAGGING FOR WANT OF AIR.

Sad Summer Sights in the Crowded Slums, Where
London's Poor Children Languish.

So hot. So stifling. So airless. Even the sparrows felt it yesterday.

And one turned away sick at heart for thought of the thousands and the tens of thousands of London's little human sparrows, drooping and flagging in its mean streets, its narrow alleys, its airless courts, its tenement homes.

One of the deepest insights I ever had (writes a lady experienced in slumming) into the meaning of a "single-room" tenement such as shelters thousands of London families, was provided by a

Do you care to know the end? For concentrated hideousness then, think of what is wrapped up in the name of "Hospital for Child-Consumptives"—Dr. Barnardo will show it to you at Ilford next Saturday, if you wish!

It is just this pining for fresh air—these long, stifling nights, sleeping with consumptive adults, and so on, that has filled that place. I went to see a woman dying of consumption once, in one of these homes, late at night. Two little boys were in the bed with her; two elder boys just going to bed on a mattress beside her. That is how consumptives are made!



In New York during the hot spell municipal carts parade the streets daily distributing free ice to the poor children of the city.

mother who came on just such a stifling day as last Saturday to plead for a fortnight's change to the sea for one of her six children.

She had a wasted-looking baby in her arms that she said was two years old—by its size it might have been two months!

And holding by her skirts was a little toddling thing that could scarcely walk alone. This was the child for whom she besought a change, and she explained that he was nearly six! Wasted babies I had seen; but never, in all that I had then met, had I seen a child of such age wasted down to that size and that "emptiness." He made one shudder.

But to crown the pathos of it, the mother went on to tell with genuine joy that her husband had just got better work, so they were transferring themselves from the little downstairs back room at 4s. a week to the upstairs front room for 4s. 6d., saying so gladly, "so the children will have more fresh air now—and perhaps they'll do better."

More fresh air between eight people in one room through the nights of July and August!

WHERE THE LITTLE ONES DROOP.

That is only one single instance of what London's child-life is enduring just now in an almost limitless "multiplication of accumulation." Off Cable-street is a little dead alley of twenty-two houses. Each house has one room only, the door opening into it. There is no upstairs; no nothing but the one room.

On the one side, the one-room houses have a back door as well as a front, this opening into a very narrow passage, along which you can just struggle if you are of only moderate build. The houses on the other side have no second door, and so not even that small chance of a through current of air. A pump in the middle of the courtyard supplies the twenty-two houses with water.

Here the children lie and gasp for the air that never blows through their court, and that never blows through their homes, neither the one nor the other having any outlet. They can't play; they don't even try to.

The summer languor comes instead, and I have walked, both in East and South London, through whole roadsides of them lying along the kerbstones, sometimes pillowing their head on their own wasted arms—sometimes making the kerbstones their pillow as they lie themselves in the gutter—and sometimes resting their heads on the foot of some friendly lamp-post.

A few evenings ago I walked down Old Montagu-street, a long, narrow cutting running parallel with the Whitechapel-road. Each house seemed to be either a second-hand clothes shop or—is the expression conventional?—a second-hand food shop, fruit and vegetables for preference.

The whole air was unspeakably foul, but it was all there was for the babies and children that were practically carpeting the ground with their undersized, undernourished little bodies, many of them entirely inert.

So they pine and languish. So they waste away.

But you needn't even go as far as Ilford. Down in the heart of it all, turn into Shadwell Hospital for Children, otherwise known as the East London Children's Hospital. Walk all down its cool wards with their gay flowers, and their green Venetian blinds that are so refreshing.

Stop at each cot and ask the doctor "Why?" They are not legitimate illnesses, the most of them. Far from it. It isn't Nature nor accident that filled those beds with marasmic babies, many of them weighing less than at birth; or with pining, wasting children too languid and lifeless to cry, and of less than half their normal weight.

It is just want of fresh air with some, and with others the summer ailments produced by the smell



The little ones of the East End during the stifling, sultry weather lie about the courts and narrow streets, sometimes making the kerbstones their pillow, and sometimes making a pillow of the foot of some friendly lamp-post.

of decaying vegetation, and the feeding on unripe or over-ripe fruits. What is too bad to sell the children can have; with the result that the doctors there are treating 500 children daily as out-patients through the hot months, while every ward would be full three times over if they could but take them in. Milk, too, accounts for an enormous number of infant deaths through July, August, and September.

But what the mothers are to do is a problem. On the condensed milks the babies starve; the

fresh milk is difficult to get, is often polluted before it reaches them; then it quickly turns sour, which they are slow to detect. The baby pays the penalty, and fills the wards with piteous object-lessons!

Mercifully, Shadwell Hospital is at last to be admitted into the ring of charities on which "Smart Society" elects to smile with a toy-function of pretty philanthropy. Hitherto it has been left to fight a weary fight outside the pale, because it happens to be in too unpleasant a neighbourhood for pretty people to visit. But it has blessed the children as few institutions have done!

It is this pining and longing for fresh air, too, that is filling long stretches of the advertisement column of the papers every morning with urgent appeals for help to send the little ones away—for a day to the sea—a day in the country—a week at a holiday home! It is this longing and thirsting for a breath of fresh air among the children of his parish that is filling the Rev. T. Given-Wilson's "monster-train" with 2,000 of these little pale-faced, summer-tired Plaistow children next Monday for a day on a seaside beach.

But when all is said and done, is the very fringe of the evil touched?

SOME QUEER PETS.

Society Women Keep Chameleons, Marmosets, Toads, and Lizards.

"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, Makes pets of mice and chimpanzees," aptly expresses the attitude of society women just now with regard to their pets.

Kittens and lap dogs are no longer the fashion, and for some time past some women have made pets of strange and weird animals.

Miss Alice Roosevelt is the last lady to have a new pet, for she has just got a chameleon, which goes everywhere with her, and which she allows to crawl about her neck and arms.

It is said that it was Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson who started the keeping of strange pets, and she for a long time used to carry about, twined round her arm, a small green snake. The two Princesses of Connaught have pet marmosets, small South American monkeys. Lord Arthur Cecil keeps guinea pigs, and everyone knows of the hive of bees in Mrs. Baden-Powell's drawing-room.

Baby crocodiles were favourites for some time, but they grew quickly to be favourites long; Lady Warwick used to have a baby elephant in the grounds of Dunmow Lodge, in Essex. Green lizards and toads are other queer pets.

Hedgehogs are kept by many people. They are exceedingly useful pets, for they soon exterminate blackbeetles in a house.

MOVING A TERMINUS.

The London County Council yesterday decided to revive the proposal to remove Charing Cross Station to the south side of the Thames.

The railway companies will first be asked if they contemplate rebuilding the station and widening Hungerford Bridge, and in the alternative the Council will consider the advisability of acquiring the site, providing the companies with a new station on the Waterloo side of the river and widening Hungerford and Waterloo Bridges.

City Men Please Note.

I know you are as keen on bargain getting as any men living, that you believe in supporting a British firm trading on strict, straightforward business lines, and that you know a good thing the very minute you see it.

I, therefore, to-day invite you to send me a post card, and by return I'll post you, FREE and POST FREE, one of the largest, best illustrated, and most vitally interesting books about WATCHES, RINGS, CHAINS, SPORTS PRIZES, TOOLS, BICYCLES, etc., ever compiled.

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL.

If you return your purchase I refund your money.

Let me say before you write that I don't expect you to buy from me because you send for my book. That is a matter you decide for yourself. You keep the book for ever. Now send me your post card when you get home this evening. A handsome BONUS FREE GIFT accompanies every order.

H. SAMUEL,

83, Market St.

MANCHESTER.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Current Accounts, 2 p.c. Interest allowed on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

Deposits, 2½ p.c. Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts.

Advances made. Stocks and Shares bought and sold.

Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary, Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

D.D. DIRTY DICK'S D.D.

ESTABLISHED 1745.

48-49, BISHOPS-GATE ST. WITHOUT, E.C.

Nearly opp. Suburban Entrance G.E.R. Station.

FAMOUS OLD PORT WINE & SPIRIT HOUSE

OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST.

Noted for Good Value, Purity, and Low Prices. All

Wines and Spirits sold by the Glass, Bottle, Dozen, or

Gallon. Free deliveries in Town or Country. Write for

History of House, with full Price List, sent gratis on

mentioning this paper.

BATH CHAIRS AND BABY CARRIAGES.

Supplied on Easy Terms
from 6/- per Month.

Enjoying the use of same
while it is being paid.

Designs Post Free.

W. J. HARRIS & Co.,

LIMITED.

51, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, and Branches.

10/- DOWN BUYS THE MILLION CYCLE.

Sent at once on instal-

ments, 29 10s. Cash.

Outstanding Value

Guaranteed British

throughout. May we

and you 400/- Free

Price List?—THE

BRITISH CYCLE MFG.

CO. (1901), Ltd. (F.A. Dept. 1 & 3, Jersey St., Liverpool.

VENUS AND HERCULES.

Hackenschmidt Bombarded with Love Letters and Presents.

WIDOWS AND SPINSTERS SMITTEN.

Hackenschmidt, the "Russian lion," is suffering the last penalty of fame. Love letters are pouring in on him, and he has to look round the corner when he leaves his rooms lest some enthusiastic lady of uncertain age may be lying in ambush to kiss him.

Like all strong men, from Hercules downward, Hackenschmidt is not a first-class lover. As he says himself, "That sort of thing isn't in my line," and his heart is not at all moved by the hundreds of passionate epistles he has received from ladies of high and low degree.

Hackenschmidt, however, is a "préux chevalier." When he finds a respectable widow is hopelessly in love with him, or that his manly beauty has set on fire the withered but combustible heart of an unlucky spinster of fifty-five, he does not laugh over the letter or show it to his friends.

He drops it pitiingly in the fire—and consoles himself by making a collection of the humorous missives.

Take To Better Things!
One lady is concerned as to the Russian giant's spiritual welfare.

This seems an easy solution of the difficulty and is accepted. Next week the same situation presents itself, and the next, and so on, until at last the poor victim realises that her payments of 1s. 8d. per week have long ago mounted to far more than the original pound borrowed, and that she is as far from being out of debt as when she first borrowed it.

"I am following your career," she wrote, "and trust to be able to influence you to leave the stage, and take to better things."

"I trust that I shall be able to wean you from that device of the devil—the music-hall.—Your affectionate sister, A.M.

"P.S.—I regret my principles won't allow me to come to a music-hall, but I shall certainly come to the Albert Hall."

"A Spinster of Sixty" was even more outspoken in her admiration:—

There is not a poor neighbourhood in London which has not got its quota of female money lenders who, with the aid of their touts, cause endless misery. Many of them learn their trade in factories or large shops, and, discovering how remunerative it can be made, have given up work and taken to usury.

"I think you are the only perfect specimen of manhood I have seen. Any woman would be proud to look up to you as a husband. I know I should. There would be no fear of burglars."

A schoolgirl suggested a meeting in the following:—

"Dear M. Hackenschmidt,—Please excuse my writing to you, but will you have tea with me at 'Buszard's' on Saturday afternoon? My brother will be there."

With London Prices High, the Fruit
Bots in the Fields.

Good table strawberries cost sixpence and eightpence a pound yesterday.

At the same time strawberry growers are complaining that large quantities of their fruit will remain unpicked, because it does not pay to send it to market.

A Covent Garden expert undertakes to reconcile these anomalous statements upon two grounds.

In the first place, the past week of scorching weather has brought nearly the whole of the strawberry crop to the condition known as "dead ripe." When picked and forwarded to market the berries arrive in a moist condition, and are only marketable for jam making purposes.

It is also a fact that after a fortnight of cheap strawberries people have tired of the tempting berry. Fruit still remains a luxury to the Londoner, and it will be a long time before he can be got to regard it as an article of diet. Until that is brought about, the task of regulating supply with demands will always be a difficult one.

The prospects of the crops of small fruit—plum and apples—depend very largely upon the weather of the next few days.

The King's house party at Goodwood House for the races will include, besides his Majesty and the Prince of Wales, Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord and Lady Cadogan, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, Lord and Lady Savile, Lord and Lady Churchill, Lord Durham and Lady Anne Lambton, Major Gordon and Lady Sarah Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel, Mr. and Mrs. William Grenfell, M. de Seversal, Lord Charles Montagu, Lord Villiers, and Lord Revelstoke.

the only Cheese is "St. Ivel." The new reduced size is the very thing for holidays and hot weather. All Grocers sell "St. Ivel" Cheese. Hotels, Boarding Houses, Restaurants have it on their daily menu. Mr. W. C. Hart, Master Cook to her late Majesty Queen Victoria, writes: "I have never tasted anything so delicious." Prove it for yourself.

Sample St. Ivel Cheese (new reduced size) and "The Secret of St. Ivel,"
sent post free on receipt of 6d.

APLIN & BARRETT, Etc., Ltd., YEOVIL, Somerset.



A pleasant surprise to the world of journalism and art, as well as to laymen, is in store with the first appearance of "Puck," the new, humorous, weekly paper. It is, indeed, something altogether different from anything that has ever been printed in England at many times more than a penny, for which "Puck" may be obtained from the News-vendors, on July 29, and subsequent Fridays.

"Puck" is really a journal of humour, depicted by art and literature.

"Puck" is the humorous paper, which from the date of its first publication is bound to become a favourite in the home, for it will appeal as strongly to the matron and the miss, as it will to the fun-loving merchant or clerk.



RAIN BADLY WANTED AT NEWMARKET.

Hard Going Cuts Down the Racing—Many Important Candidates Absentees—St. Amant at Exercise.

THE KING AND PRINCE OF WALES PRESENT.

The King, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein were among the earliest arrivals on the delightful course by the Plantation for the opening of the Second July meeting yesterday. His Majesty travelled from town to Newmarket on his motor-car on the previous afternoon, but the Prince of Wales journeyed down in a saloon carriage by the 10.20 train from St. Pancras yesterday morning. Many of the most notable patrons of the Turf were present, but the attendance of the general public was meagre.

Pleasant breezes tempered the great heat of the sun in the more exclusive enclosures and in the leafy-shaded paddock. The racecourse looked well. It was thickly covered with herbage, but the long drought has told very heavily on the turf, so the going was hard. This condition has upset the ordinary work of trainers. In fact, the exercise given to horses must be confined to the stretches of tan. The jarring and inevitable concussion have affected many thoroughbreds, and large numbers are just now shin-sore. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild went out on his hack before breakfast to see the ground. As some work, the cold, booted on the bruised foot, did not go on any obvious tenderness, and I am assured that there is nothing seriously wrong. But, as announced in this column yesterday, St. Amant will not be seen in the Eclipse Stakes.

The Dullingham Plate.

Several of the best horses did not fulfil their yesterday's engagements, and unless we have copious rains the week's racing will be of the most moderate sort. The royal couples were carried by Ortolan in the Dullingham Plate, a race of 1,000 sovs, run over a mile and a half. The colt, entitled to full allowances, had only 7th lb. to carry, but this son of Orme is of small capacity, and he was not in the least fancied. Indeed, Ortolan finished last, except Forest Flower, who ran very wide at the turn into the straight, and dropped into the rear.

The betting on the race was somewhat peculiar. Odds were laid on Wild Oats, whose accountancy was first-rate. Short prices were set at first taken about Rondeau, but he was afterwards driven out to 10 to 1. This situation did not prevent Rondeau from making every yard of the running at the head of the field, and thus repeating the score achieved in the corresponding race last year. Wild Oats apparently cannot stay the distance. He dropped away a badly beaten horse in the last quarter mile, and the burthen of the fight lay on the well-backed Bellivier Tor, who tackled Rondeau in the last four hundred yards. A desperate race between the pair ended in a head victory for Rondeau.

It was a perfect treat to see two such jockeys as Maher and Madden fight out such a finish. The former, victor on this occasion, has never ridden a more strenuous race. Proffer, several lengths behind, was third, in front of Wild Oats. It may be added that the last-named will be sold with others of Mr. Brassey's horses to-morrow. Maher had a second success when the filly by Wolf's Crag-Sakkarah won the Khedive Plate. There were no fewer than sixteen runners for this race, but a notable absentee was the Duke of Devonshire's Full Cry. Speculation was confined to three of the competitors, viz., Sakkarah filly, Pisman, and Verdina colt.

Mixed for Backers.

Lord Wolverton's colt by Ugly-Lecture carried the white and green hoops jacket with great distinction for about four furlongs, and, indeed, looked like winning, but the spectators tried to shirk the work at the close and allowed Sakkarah filly to score a lucky win. In the more important race for two-year-olds, the Soltkyoff Stakes, neither Langibury nor Rivalux turned out, but there were thirteen others in the field, and of these the public form of Prudent King commended itself to the favour. There was also money for Crystal, once owned by the Russian prince after whom the stake is named. Mid Air was fancied, so were Galangal and Landrail colt. It was a bad race for backers. The outsider, Stratghass, a filly by Isinglass-Hush, won. She went ahead of Prudent King in the last quarter, and managed also to beat Ormazd, who may be described as a very unlucky loser.

Madden, as well as Maher, scored twice during the afternoon. He won the Trial Plate on Compliment and the Spring Hall Plate on Heppeshead. Compliment, bred by the late Sir Blundell Maple, now owned by Mr. Willy Waugh, opened favourite, but was driven out by the demand for Assiut, and indeed at the close was quoted at only fractionally less rates than Raven's Flight. The last-named must have cost his owner big losses recently. He now was obliged to put up with second place to Compliment, who won easily and was afterwards sold to Mr. E. Robson for 620 guineas. Assiut, a horse of peculiar temper, ran badly. Everybody welcomed the reappearance of F. Hardy who, in riding Mulligatwny in this race, donned a jacket for the first time since his accident at Northampton last March.

Heppeshead led from end to end in the Spring Hall Plate, and the easy finish enabled Chacornac,

as I anticipated, to score in the Beaufort Handicap. But the old horse had a tough task to get rid of the King, and prevailing badly at the close, he barely scrambled home by a neck. Bolsover's light weight was of no avail. He must be reckoned a bad horse. Feather Boa and Orpheus were beaten at six furlongs.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

- 1.30.—Maiden Stakes—LORD TODDINGTON.
- 2.0.—Swaffham Welter—FLEURETTE II.
- 2.30.—T.Y.O. Stakes—CHARLOTTE BRONTE.
- 3.0.—July Handicap—DELAUNA.
- 3.30.—T.Y.O. Selling Plate—FUJI YAMA FILLY.
- 4.0.—Zetland Plate—GREY PLUME.
- 4.30.—First Foal Stakes—ROCK SAND or LOVE POTION.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

GREY PLUME. GREY FRIARS.

THE TWO BEST THINGS.

Writing from Newmarket last night, "The Squire" says:—
"Owing to the hard ground, it is impossible to say what will run with any certainty. I think the following double should be worth following:—
2.0.—Swaffham Handicap—ROSE RONALD.
4.0.—Zetland Plate—GREY PLUME."

RACING RETURNS.

NEWMARKET.—TUESDAY.

2.0.—TRIAL PLATE of 200 sovs; winner to be sold for 500 sovs if for 200 sovs allowed 7th lb. New T.Y.O. Mr. W. Waugh's COMPLIMENT, by Common-Rosebud, 6th lb. (2000) Madden 1
Mr. G. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 2
Count de Saxe's MULLIGATWNY, 6th lb. (2000) Hardy 3
Mr. A. Stedall's Assiut, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 4
Mr. F. C. Cartwright's Bayleigh, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 5
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Cornac, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 6

Betting—2 to 1 against Prudent King, 9 to 4 Compliment, 3 to 1 Raven's Flight, 10 to 12 Bayleigh, 10 to 1 Cornac, 10 to 1 Mulligatwny. Won by length; a neck divided the second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. E. Robson for 620 guineas.

3.30.—SOLTGYOFF STAKES of 500 sovs each for starters, with 500 sovs added for two-year-olds. New T.Y.O. five furlongs 140 yards.
Mr. J. Miller's RONDIEA II, 6th lb. (2000) Miller 1
Mr. E. Cassel's PRUDENT KING, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 2
Mr. Ernest Dresden's Galangal, 6th lb. (2000) C. Cannon 3
Mr. F. Bibby's Monsieus Beaucaire, 6th lb. (2000) Madden 4
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 5
Mr. Maurice Fitzalan's Mid Air, 6th lb. (2000) Hardy 6
Mr. J. H. Martin's RONDIEA II, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 7

Betting—3 to 1 against Prudent King, 6 to 1 Rondiea II, 10 to 1 Galangal and the Landrail colt, 10 to 1 against Stratghass, 10 to 12 Bayleigh, Ormazd, or any other offered. Won by three-quarters of a length; a neck divided the second and third.

5.0.—DULLINGHAM PLATE of 1000 sovs, by subscription of 50 sovs each; second to receive 100 sovs. Suffolk Stakes (one mile four furlongs).
Mr. J. Miller's RONDIEA II, 6th lb. (2000) Miller 1
Mr. J. Pinner's PROFFER, 6th lb. (2000) Madden 2
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 3
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 4
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 5
His Majesty's Ortolan, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 6

Betting—1 to 8 on Wild Oats, 7 to 2 against Bellivier Tor, 10 to 1 Rondeau (after 7 to 2 taken off), 10 to 1 any other offered. Won by a head; two lengths divided the second and third.

3.30.—BRAUPTON STAKES (Welter Handicap) of 10 sovs each for starters, with 300 sovs added. Beaufort Course, division of the Turf, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 1
Mr. J. Pinner's PROFFER, 6th lb. (2000) Madden 2
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 3
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 4
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 5
His Majesty's Ortolan, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 6

Betting—3 to 1 against Prudent King, 6 to 1 Rondiea II, 10 to 1 Galangal and the Landrail colt, 10 to 1 against Stratghass, 10 to 12 Bayleigh, Ormazd, or any other offered. Won by three-quarters of a length; a neck divided the second and third.

4.0.—SPRING HALL SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs; maidens at entry; winner to be sold for 200 sovs. Chertsey Course (five furlongs).
Mr. J. Pinner's PROFFER, 6th lb. (2000) Madden 1
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 2
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 3
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 4
His Majesty's Ortolan, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 5

Mr. T. Jennings's Merry, 6th lb. (2000) Hardy 6
Mr. H. J. King's Parnolia, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 7
Betting—5 to 4 against Golden Touch, 9 to 2 Heppeshead, 10 to 12 Bayleigh, 10 to 1 Cornac, 10 to 1 Mulligatwny. Won by a length and a half; a length between the second and third.

4.30.—KENTISH PLATE of 200 sovs, for two-year-olds, maidens at entry. Chertsey Course (five furlongs).
Captain J. G. R. Homfray's F by WOLF'S CRAG—SARAKAH, 6th lb. (2000) Maher 1
Lord Wolverton's Colt by UGLY-LECTURE, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 2
Mr. F. W. Day's CESSATION, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 3
Miss Clinton's Robin, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 4
Mr. Ernest Dresden's Galangal, 6th lb. (2000) C. Cannon 5
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 6
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 7
Mr. L. de Rothschild's Cornac, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 8
Duke of Devonshire's Full Cry, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 9
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 10
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 11
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 12
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 13
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 14
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 15
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 16
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 17
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 18
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 19
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 20
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 21
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 22
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 23
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 24
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 25
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 26
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 27
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 28
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 29
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 30
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 31
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 32
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 33
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 34
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 35
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 36
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 37
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 38
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 39
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 40
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 41
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 42
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 43
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 44
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 45
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 46
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 47
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 48
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 49
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 50
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 51
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 52
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 53
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 54
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 55
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 56
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 57
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 58
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 59
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 60
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 61
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 62
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 63
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 64
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 65
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 66
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 67
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 68
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 69
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 70
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 71
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 72
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 73
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 74
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 75
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 76
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 77
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 78
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 79
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 80
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 81
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 82
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 83
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 84
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 85
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 86
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 87
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 88
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 89
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 90
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 91
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 92
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 93
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 94
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 95
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 96
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 97
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 98
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 99
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 100
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 101
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 102
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 103
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 104
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 105
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 106
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 107
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 108
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 109
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 110
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 111
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 112
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 113
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 114
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 115
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 116
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 117
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 118
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 119
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 120
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 121
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 122
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 123
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 124
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 125
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 126
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 127
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 128
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 129
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 130
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 131
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 132
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 133
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 134
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 135
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 136
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 137
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 138
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 139
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 140
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 141
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 142
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 143
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 144
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 145
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 146
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 147
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 148
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 149
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 150
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 151
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 152
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 153
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 154
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 155
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 156
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 157
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 158
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 159
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 160
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 161
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 162
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 163
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 164
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 165
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 166
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 167
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 168
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 169
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 170
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 171
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 172
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 173
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 174
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 175
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 176
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 177
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 178
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 179
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 180
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 181
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 182
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 183
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 184
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 185
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 186
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 187
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 188
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 189
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 190
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 191
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 192
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 193
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 194
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 195
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 196
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 197
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 198
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 199
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 200
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 201
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 202
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 203
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 204
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 205
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 206
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 207
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 208
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 209
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 210
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 211
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 212
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 213
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 214
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 215
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 216
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 217
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 218
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 219
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 220
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 221
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 222
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 223
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 224
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 225
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 226
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 227
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 228
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (2000) J. H. Martin 229
Mr. J. Pinner's WILD OATS, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 230
Mr. J. Pinner's SNIPPER, 6th lb. (2000) H. Jones 231
Mr. H. H. Hanna's RAVEN'S FLIGHT, 6th lb. (200